The Saturday Evening Post

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"FINIS."

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY H. S. COREY.

Hush, darling, do not speak!
It will not soothe the aching.
There is no balm in idle words
When hearts like mine are breaking.
Poor little foolish heart!
It was not worth the winning.
You should have put it from you, dear,
Even at love's beginning.
It only had itself to give—
A poor and paltry blessing.
What should you care for a woman's love,
Or a woman's warm caressing?

Yes, take me in your arms!
My forehead throbs with fever.
Poor head! its heaviness no more
Is pillowed thus forever.
So tired, but let it rest!
Your slow hand cools its burning.
Ah, could its touch but charm away
The pain beyond returning!
Not wise, like yours, and yet
Its fond and foolish dreaming,
May hold a higher wisdom than
Your manhood's colder scheming.

My hand, too, lies in yours
With sad and quiet clasping:
To-morrow, and its warmth shall be
How far beyond your grasping!
A little, worthless hand,
No aid nor comfort bringing;
I do not blame you, darling, for
The frail thing from you flinging.
To-morrow, and for aye
It slips from out your holding,
And through a wide and selfish world
Goes empty to its folding.

Hush, darling, do not weep,
Nor wake our sleeping sorrow!
There will be time for storm and tears
And bitterness to-morrow.
Only bend down your lips
And kiss me without speaking!
I wonder, dear, if under all
Your strong heart, too, is aching?
I wonder if 'twill grieve
To know, when all is over,
Your "little girl" is yours no more
Forever and forever?

I know what you would say;
But hush, and only kiss me!
Just for a little lonesome while
Your empty arms shall miss me.
A little while your heart
Shall waste itself with fretting;
But time shall soothe, and bring to you
His kindest gift, forgetting.
And I—what matters it,
Since our sweet bond must sever,
Where or how far I drift away,
So I drift outward ever?

Ay, darling, bend your neck
Down to my tender clinging,
This one last night of many nights,
Such bitter morrow bringing!
Securely cradled here,
Lulled by your mute caressing,
My heart lies hushed beneath the doom
Its last warm drops outpressing.
Poor little bankrupt heart,
Whose only wealth lies wasted!
Whose one full cup drops to the dust
With all its wine untasted!

THE MYSTERY OF THE REEFS

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

"I FOUND MYSELF IN THE HEART OF THE MERRY-MAKING."

"So that is old Donohue," I thought, "and like every one else at Fogarty Castle, there is something that must not be known or looked into about him." Then I remembered Neill having told me I was a false, prying girl, and I began to accuse myself of being almost as distrustful and suspicious as he called me. The only pleasure I had in thinking of Neill was that I knew he felt I did not like him, and that Sir Brian for some unknown cause shared my aversion. I thought of what he had said, but I did not feel at all alarmed at his threat. He was strangely repellant to me, but not the least to be feared.

I turned my steps in the direction of the house, and looking up, discovered Madge at the window making signs of an exaggerated description for me to come in. No one was in the great hall, and luncheon was served in my own room on a little round table. I begged Madge to join me, which after some demur she did, in a highly gratified manner, sitting on the extreme edge of her chair, at an inconvenient distance from the table, and eating with a mincing solemnity that was wonderful to contemplate. I was exceedingly selfish in my courtesy to Madge, and I had not the cunning to hide my design. Immediately the good creature was safely seated, I plunged at her with my questions.

"Who is old Donohue, Madge?" I asked, "and what did Sir Brian do for him? There is no possible harm in your answering me, for he told me to ask you himself, and you can tell me all about it as you eat, you know."

With a bit of toast which she had cut into a symmetrical square on the end of her fork and partly raised to her lips, she gazed at me for a moment in astonishment, and then abandoned the idea of eating till she had fully expressed it.

"Well, thin, but this bangs Bannaghar intirely! Where, in the name of the unmentionable, did you take up wid old Donohue at all, at all?"

"I met him in my walk; that is, I did not meet him exactly, for he was in his own garden; but I was going to step in and look at his flowers, when he came forward and stopped me."

"Aye, did he. I'll warrant that, for there's no one in or about The Reefs but thimselves and Sir Brian iver puts a foot over the threshold of that garden gate. I was here before old Donohue, an' so I've tould him an' his wife, keepin' thimselves so close! but say what ye will, he'll jist shake his ould white head at ye, an' sigh so, that a body must jist hould a body's tongue, for there's no good in life ov wastin' discoorse on him or her."

"But, Madge," I urged, "you don't tell me how he came here; that is what I want to know. Was he Sir Brian's servant always?"

"No, indade, Miss Honora, him nor his niver belonged here, but there was a friend of Sir Brian's, I don't mind his name now, for mindin' names was a thing I never was good at any way; but he was a great gintleman wid one son, a very illegant slip of a lad, for many's the time I've seen him myself wanderin' round The Reefs wid his dog and gun, for he was the great hand intirely for hunting. Well, ould Donohue had been wid the ould squire whin they were both lads together, and whin he left his service an' took to bein' a kind of stewart for Sir Brian, there was still a great likin' between thim, an' every quarter or so the ould fellow rid over to see his old master an' the fine young lad that he tuck a wondherful pride in. They had a daughter, the Donohues, an' what would do thim but she must be sint off to school like a gintleman's child. Faith, they paid dear for the addication they giv her, any way. They say she was a mighty purty creatur', but barring a blink I would git of her whin she walked past me to chapel, I niver either made or meddled with her, by raison of the airs she put on. The young master—he was named for Sir Brian—came over to stay here awhile nearly fifteen years ago, an' ould Donohue, I have been told since, was writ to by his father to have an eye on him. Well, he stayed and stayed, and the father was sendin' for him agin and agin, on account of a young lady being at his place that young Mr. Brian was plighted to when they were both childer. Somebody dropped ould Donohue the hint that there was a young lady keeping him at The Reefs, so the ould fellow watches, do ye see, and finds out that he walks wid a girl evening afther evening, whin dacent people was sleeping in their beds, up an' down in the lane forninst the castle; she wid a big loose cloak about her and the hood over her head, and him wid his arm around her waist no less. Seeing was believing, ye know, and so the ould man taxed him wid disobeying his father's will, an' threatened to go to the ould gintleman an' tell him. Mr. Brian tuk it mighty high, and gave the ould chap sich hard answers that the ind of it was the squire sint for him and Sir Brian, and ould Donohue tuck the young gintleman in hand and hurried him off home, and he stayed there a fortnight. Then they came back together, ould Donohue and Sir Brian, in high spirits, for they had managed the wedding among thim, and Mr. Brian and his bride were off for France. Thad Rooney was over at Fern Bank—that was the name of Donohue's cottage—it was midsummer time, and Thady was for having all the boys an' girls down there for a dance on the green, an' Belle Donohue was to lade off; a mighty condescension for her, ye must know. Thady was tryin' a fiddle, and Belle was givin' him the tune—she was a great sinner intirely—whin the ould man rode up, afther laving Sir Brian at the hall door. Belle dhropt everythin' and run to kiss the father, for they were jist dyin' about each other, they say, and says she, 'You're in good spirits,' says she. 'What's happened to ye?' 'Why,' says he, 'I've good news to tell ye all. Ye love Mr. Brian well enough to rejoice at his good fortune, and so I'll tell ye. Poor lad, whin he was over here a bold hussy of a country girl—though she knew well enough that he was pledged to a raal lady—drew him into a promise to marry her, and the poor soft-hearted lad, who's barely one-and-twenty, ye know, was won over wid her arts, and wint and smuggled up a marriage somehow; but fearing their people would hear ov it they tuck other names, and that was all that saved him. It kept Sir Brian and me ten days in a country town wid a lawyer settling it all, and I have a bag here wid two hundred guineas for her whin I can track her out. A raal gintleman's daughter is Mr. Brian's wife now, and she'll soon make him happy, though he tuck it hard enough, poor boy.'

"Thady Rooney says Belle niver let a cry out of her, but jest walked and tuk the bag out of her father's hand. She weighed it a bit, and then said,

"'It's a great deal ov money, but I've no need of it now. I give it all to you, father.'

"The old man had been blind long enough, and now he saw like a flash that he had been working night and day for weeks to disgrace his own daughter, and she had paid him for it. They say she niver opened her lips agin, but the whole country side talked ov nothing else.

"Sir Brian had a heavy blow himself about that same time; that's neither here nor there, and thim that talks ov what don't concern thim is apt to sup trouble, so I'll hold my peace about my betters. Whin ould Donohue came up to the castle two months after young Mr. Brian's marriage, he was the white-headed man ye see him now, though I'll give ye my word that I may never sin, but his hair was as black as a sloe whin he was here before. Sir Brian was a changed man himself, and there was maybe comfort in having some one near him that had felt sorrow too; anyway he give the old turrit where a chapel used to be in old times, an' had it put in order as if it was to recave a royal quane, wid the beautiful garden ye saw, and one thing grander than another, all for Belle Donohue. Yes, Miss Honora, there she lives in the state and elegance ov a princess; but she does be wild in her head, they say, so it matters little to her. Swate Miss Nell, the Rose of the Reefs, wint abroad to a convint the day Belle Donohue came to the castle. No one knew that she was to go until Sir Brian called us out on the great hall stairs, and thin we saw the carriage in the court below. There was a terrible sobbing an' wailing, for the Rose of the Reefs had a root in the heart of every living crayture in the place far and near. She made no answer to the cry they ris, but just waved a thin, white hand till us all, then fell back in the coach, and was whirled away. Thady Rooney was holding the big gate open, and he says he saw her sobbing an' shaking behind her veil, and like enough, swate, tender lamb that she was, with the noble pride of the Fogarties in the lofty turn ov her head, but the simple makeness of a child in her beautiful beaming eyes."

To my astonishment Madge broke down here, and fairly wept outright. She had often made feints of doing so, in the many narratives with which she had entertained me, but this time her emotion was genuine, and left her red-eyed and exhausted.

"But Howly Mother, Quane of Heaven," she cried in terror, starting up as the sound of horses' hoofs in the court below reached us. "There's Mr. Neill returning, and if he was to find me clavering here wid you, it's himself would make this place too hot for me." In an instant she slipped the cup and saucer she had used under a napkin on the tray, and standing respectfully at my side, began to pour out tea into my half-empty cup. Her hurry had not been uncalled for, for without knocking or giving the slightest intimation, the door opened slightly, and Mr. Neill's face, with an expression of kind anxiety, presented itself.

"Ah," he said softly, "pray pardon me, I am glad to find you here, little lady; a damp wind is coming in from the sea, and I feared you might be extending your walk too far. You're a good, trustworthy soul, Madge, and I should have had no fear had I remembered your care and thoughtfulness."

He smiled on her with inexpressible blandness, and came forward and stood beside me.

"Where did you go after you left the beech-wood, pretty maid?" he asked, and lifted my curls playfully as if to test their being free from the mist of the rising wind.

"I have been at home a long time," I replied, "and I did not go beyond the beech-wood," I added.

"Not beyond the beech-wood? Why what a narrow limit for my adventurous heroine! I thought to have heard of you beyond the Rocky Hall, or down in Elfin Glen where the Fairy Fort is. Madge has told you of it, I'm sure."

He looked at me inquiringly, but I shook my head. Suddenly I remembered his calling me a false, prying girl, the recollection brought no kindness in my mind to him, but I determined that he should not speak truly when he called me false or hidden.

"I went to the beech-wood, and then I turned and followed a high wall until I came to a wooden gate. I would have entered the beautiful garden it enclosed, but old Donohue prevented me, saying that it was Sir Brian's will that it should be sacred from intrusion. We came away together then, and he took me to a lovely grove of pinks and gathered me a nosegay. There it is in that white vase beside the window. Then I came home." I stopped and glanced toward him to see if there was anything else he would know, but he threw aside the implication in my manner and took up the bouquet I spoke of. He praised the odor of each separate blossom, and told me heaven had meant him for a gardener, he was so passionately fond of flowers. I thought so too presently, when with the sweet simplicity that made him winning as an angel, he began to discourse of plants, and all the beautiful mysteries of animate nature. He told me of the old philosophers who took their highest aspirations from some tiny blossom's breath, and of the many timid heart-wounded men who had left the world behind them, and taken to forests from whence, with leaves and grasses for their only books, they had sent messages of vernal beauty forth that made their names immortal. Madge and the tray went away together, and I sat listening. I could have listened to him forever. His voice and words were things apart from his cold, wicked beauty. I think I almost hated him; but I could have had no greater pleasure in the world than to listen to his speech. He told me a story—it was true, he said, and very sorrowful. It began grandly. There was a great man, honored for his worth, the friend of princes and the counsellor of nobles. The setting sun made a bright glow among the scarlet curtains, and on the brilliant carpet they died into dusky fading, as the great man fell from favor, and began to suffer slight and pain. I found that we were sitting in the chilly dark, and I was weeping, when the great bell struck for dinner. Neill rose.

"What a flattering listener you are, little lady," he said, gently; "so flattering that you lure me on to speak of cruel things that must pain gentle hearts like yours. Let us go down, my brother chafes at all delay."

Sir Brian sat in his usual seat, and glanced up surprised.

"I thought your loitering was Madge's work, Honora," he said, "and I was going to scold her roundly for it. Anything will wait with a better grace than dinner, my lass."

I had nothing to say that would make my moment or two of tardiness any slighter in his eyes, so I simply looked as sorry as I could and took my seat silently.

"Were you walking, to-day, Honora?" he asked presently.

"Yes, Madge gave me leave to go through the garden and park; I spent the morning there."

"That's well, that's well," he said, "I had begun to fear you were kept too close here; your color was fading a little, and that will never do, will it, my bonny girl?"

"I have felt no restraint, or change in health, Sir Brian—but I am very glad to be allowed to run about a little; it was my only pastime at Pasco, and has almost become my nature."

"It takes an old man like me a long time to do very little—and your life since you came to us, has had neither system nor teaching; time enough for both, I think, for I am never in a hurry, you know; but I have been at work to-day; and before the week goes by, you will have two teachers: one to be with you always, the other to ride over twice a week from Dungarbin and instruct you in French and music, and other graceful arts. You must apply yourself, my little lass—for I am going to have a finished lady made of you, and so I give you warning."

I thanked him earnestly, for I was very grateful—I was just old enough to feel that the little Sister Leoda had taught, was a mere nothing. I could play on no instrument, like the ladies Madge spoke of. I had never seen any but the organ in the convent chapel. There was a harp in the great drawing-room at The Reefs, but that apartment was never entered now, and I only knew of its existence through Madge's description of its glories when the Rose of the Fogarties was its mistress. I thought of what I should learn first—how I should like my teacher, what she would say about my ignorance; and if she would forget it when she saw how earnestly I strove to overcome it. My head was full of busy speculations as to all this. I was very quiet; so was Sir Brian. Neill did not speak at all; and Denny Finn contented himself with beaming encouragement and friendly interest on me whenever he caught my eyes. Dinner once over, I ran to tell Madge of Sir Brian's intentions regarding me, and of the wonderfully accomplished being I was to become under this new arrangement. Madge was as much pleased as I could have wished her to be.

"You'll turn out a fair wonder," she prophesied, "an' why wouldn't you to be sure; isn't your blood come down from true Fogarty stock; and sorra a one ov thim were born, but what comed to something great. Ye have iverything about ye like Miss Nell, I niver tould ye that afore, for ye see it just goes to my heart to speak of her at all, at all. There's niver a day goes over my head, but I do find myself staring at you till my eyes water, and wonderin' what it is anyway that is so wonderful about ye. Well, at last it struck me like a heavy blow—it's the Rose ov the Reefs! You're a comely craythur, Miss Honora, dear—but you're not aquil to her intirely; she was jist hivenly to look at, wid the faytures and ways ov a born angel; but still you're like her, ye know—so like her, that sometimes I do be losin' my breath while I'm watchin' ye."

It was as Madge said the first time I had ever heard any likeness traced between the young beauty of the castle and me, or indeed any one else, except Guy. It set me to thinking very earnestly; and after a little silence, I asked her if there was a portrait of Neil Fogarty in the castle that I might see.

"There was one in the great drawing-room," she answered, "if I could only get a look at it," but there she paused.

"Mr. Neill keeps the kay, I've heard tell, and the divil himself couldn't dhraw it out ov his clutches, he's that close wid it."

"Why should he be so, Madge? I think he's close with everything. I can't understand him."

This was a foolish speech, as the woman's look, when I uttered it, told me. She drew in the corners of her mouth, threw up her eyes, and shook her head.

"A body may be smilin' and smilin', but a body can't hide iverythin'," she said, "Mr. Neill has the swateness ov a saint in glory, an' the takin' ways ov a chirub till the back ov that—but there's the signs of deep wather about him; an' it's well known that he did Sir Brian a black turn once, though the ould master's too noble to make mention of it."

"Madge," I said, blushing at my own accusing thoughts, "I must not hear anything about Sir Brian and Mr. Neill that they do not choose to tell themselves. I know it would offend them if they knew it; and it appears like prying into their affairs without their knowledge."

"You're right, darling," said Madge, ap-

provingly, "you're right, intirely. Many's the one that would have encouraged you to gossip, by telling ye bits of news; but that's not my way at all, at all. Says Thady Rooney to me, says he, 'Madge, you're a wonder of goodness wid your mild ways, an' ye'r close mouth.' Says I, 'Thady,' says I, 'sure it's thim that knows how to kape their own counsel, that comes to good luck.' 'True, for ye,' says he; 'and may ye have plenty ov it.'"

After quoting Thady in this wise, Madge set my lamp in order to read by, and placing a low cushioned-chair beside it, hurried away down to the kitchen.

"There's to be company from town to see Mrs. Maloney, the cook, and I would be likin' to sit and chat wid thim a bit. Molly Bryne and Cornaylus, her husband, is the two, Miss. They used to be gardener and housemaid here near twinty year ago. They're honest, well-doin' folks, and do be keepin' a public house in the lower town, an' they call it The Reefs, after ould Fogarty Castle."

Madge had given me this explanation of her haste to finish her evening duties, and paused to see in what spirit I would receive the communication. I said nothing, but to assure her that I would gladly undress myself without her further aid, and she might say good-night then if she wished to. She was a good deal more grateful than so slight a favor demanded, and called me just the best young lady that iver it was her pride and comfort to sarve, and then departed.

The house was very still and quiet after she left me. I listened for a sound of life or pleasure to come up the broad stairway from the servants' hall below, but not an echo broke the silence. There was no book at hand that I could read. I had taken down to Sir Brian's library before commencing my walk that morning all the stories he had given me to read, and now I was entirely without amusement or employment. I became restless and unhappy. I got up and walked round my room awhile, and then sat down again, feeling neither tired nor sleepy, and with a strong objection to remain alone. At last I remembered that Sir Brian might wish me to sit with him, and that his door always stood open as a friendly sign for me to enter. It might be standing so now; I would go into the hall and look, at least. I went into the hall and glanced down over the wide balustrade. A light lay on the marble floor below, but whether it came from the great lamp in the library or from the colored globe overhead, I could not decide at once. I began to descend the stairs at first simply to discover whether Sir Brian expected me, but presently with another motive. Far below where I stood, arose with a muffled and distant sound, the quick, sharp scraping of a violin, accompanied by the shuffling of feet and gay bursts of smothered laughter. I listened eagerly, and my heart beat high in concert with the merry notes. I was possessed of naturally gay spirits; they had been curbed and almost crushed by my solitary life, but they existed still, as I suddenly became aware in the intense desire. I felt to seek out and look on the revelry below. I spent but a moment in settling the propriety of the adventure with myself, and then I hurried down cautiously to the great hall, past Sir Brian's closed door, onward to an arched opening in the wall, and thence along a narrow passage, following the music as my only guide, for I had never been in this part of The Reefs before. The passage terminated in a door, which, as I expected, opened on a flight of oaken steps, from the top of which the sound of the music became very audible; but which did not lead directly to the scene of gayety, as I found by penetrating further. At the foot of the stairs a series of little passages ran in different directions, but the main one was brightly lighted, and had a broad door opening from its centre, disclosing a large apartment with a polished floor, and stout, serviceable furniture; with a general appearance of serving as a servant's dining-hall, but at present occupied by the merry party whose sounds of jollity had reached me in the upper hall.

In the centre of the room Denny Finn was going through the most extraordinary evolutions on the floor with his feet. He kept up, independently of the fiddle which was accompanying these feats, a sort of breathless whistling, through the means of which he appeared to find great encouragement to continue his exertions. Every beaming face around him was bright with applause, that now and then burst forth in screams of laughter and clapping of hands. I felt that I had not done right in stealing on these people, and I dreaded their discovering me.

I had descended quite noiselessly and opened and shut the door without a sound behind me, so that no one yet knew I was there. I might easily have gone back by the way I came without discovery, but this was not my plan. I desired intensely to watch the dancing from a place where I should not be seen. I looked about me for a moment and made a discovery. One of the little outlets opened by a glass door on a sort of stone porch, running outside the room they were in, and two tall windows partly curtained looking out on it showed me a spot for observation and enjoyment. Cunningly I crept up to this door and withdrew the bolt, under cover of the loudest scrape on the violin. I closed it again without a sound, and feeling cautiously with both hands, gained the window seat nearest the door and clambered upon it. The curtains almost entirely concealed the window, but through them I peered and found myself in the heart of the merry-making. Denny had given way, and Madge and a funny looking old man with one eye, but an unlimited command of his joints, had taken his place. They excelled him in the wonderful intricacy of the steps they performed, and brought down redoubled plaudits when their exertions were over. Then a rosy little kitchen maid was led out by the tall, serious man who stood behind Sir Brian's chair at the table. This gentleman, though of mournfully grave aspect, had a truly miraculous fund of glee in his legs, and the pretty kitchen maid had enough to do to keep up with him. Every one laughed and encouraged him, and I kept my hand on my mouth for fear I should forget myself and speak out too. I was not in a very comfortable way, and the evening air was chill, but I must have been born to disgrace the high-minded Fogarties, for I enjoyed it thoroughly. Every one had danced themselves into exhaustion, and sat back fanning themselves with their aprons, when Denny proposed opening the window. I slipped down like a cat from mine, and was just in time, for in a moment more he raised the sash just where I had been seated, and put a smooth oak stick under it. Mrs. Maloney was brewing punch, and the strong flavor of it reached me from the large table where she stood at work. She had a pretty little shining kettle in her hand, and Denny pleaded piteously against the hot water she poured in it.

"Debby Maloney, my jewel," he said, "you're not the soft-hearted woman I tuk ye for. Yer jist drownin' that poor little drop of whiskey, as if it iver did ye harrum. For meself, ma'am, wid yer lave I'd sooner dhrink my drap down by its lone, and swally the whather whin its could and I can mate wid nothin' better."

"Whist, will ye, Denny Finn! That I may niver sin if wid ye gabbin' an' clashin' ye haven't caused me to impty a full quart more ov whiskey nor was nadeful, so ye must just sup up the last drap; I'll have none ov it goin' to loss ye know."

Mrs. Maloney, to do away with the severity of her words, smiled encouragingly on Denny, who returned it with interest.

"Troth, Mrs. Maloney, that ye may always look to me for a sarvice like that, an' I'll niver desart ye while there's a swally left."

The punch was ladled out and handed round with many a graceful compliment to the Hebe who served it, and a steady current of friendly gossip set in at once. A round-faced, happy-looking old man they called "Cornaylus," began to eulogize Sir Brian.

"Yes," said he, "whin yer talking of gintry look at him, the noble pictur that he is. I mind his father, Sir Donnell, well, an' that's more nor any one here can say."

"Arra, Cornaylus, nobody's full enough to say a word agin that," said Denny Finn, good-humoredly. "Ivery man on the place knows you're the only one of uz all that was here at the buildin' ov the ould vault under the rocks, an' that was the first thing Sir Donnell did whin he came to the estate."

"Does any ov ye know now where the old vault is? Sorra any ov ye, for all yer talk," returned "Cornaylus." "Well, thin, I'll tell ye, an' see if I kape the track ov the place, though it's nearly twinty year since I left it. Ye jist go down the big steps, and lave the cellars Sir Brian made in yer left. Ye kape on till ye pass six doors, ladin' to the kitchen vaults, and thin ye come up wid a long wall wid no way to get out at all, at all. That's the way it seems to ye that don't understand it, ye mind; but if I was wid ye I would show ye a little stair in the wall that ye might niver see if it wasn't for somebody showin' ye, an' if ye followed that down a step or two, ye'd find a place to creep out ov on yer hands and knees. Faith, thin, it's a dark hole, an' would put ye to yer courage, if ye had sich a thing about ye. Whin yer out ov that yer in a big arched walk, wid solid stones on all sides, and niver a sign ov an openin' no more nor is in the wall before ye: but if ye count the blocks ov stone twinty from the arch and five from the ground, ye'll find a kay-hole in that one, an' whin ye turn the kay in it ye'll open the door ov the ould vault."

"Well, that we may all see glory, but I think it's a quare thing that a gintleman would take that trouble to build sich a place to kape a drop ov wine in," said Mrs. Maloney slightingly.

"Whist now," cried Denny persuasively. "Whist now, till I tell ye. Thim was hard times, an' hard times to the back ov that. He built it maybe wid the name of a wine vault, nayther him nor his know what would have to be hid there, maybe their money, maybe thimselves. God be praised the worst niver came to thim; and what they might have intended for an escape seems a mystery to us. Cornaylus, do ye know that Thady Rooney says there's a way to get at the ould vaults from the rocks around the castle?"

"Aye, there is, Denny, an' I'll warrant ye Thady Rooney niver got to it that way, did he now?" The little old fellow with one eye spoke up briskly now, being thus referred to.

"Thrue for ye, I niver did, Corry, but ye see I look at that as bein' mostly bekase I niver wanted to. It was yerself tould me ov the way among the rocks, an' I mentioned it in my talk with Denny."

I was getting cramped with the cold air and my crouching position, so the dancing and music being over, and Madge discovering an intention of retiring, I got up softly at that point, and hurried away. Reaching the glass door, I found to my terror it was beyond my power of opening it. Something in the latch must have been so arranged that it should look by a spring, for no one I was assured had touched it since I had passed out. The stone porch on which I was standing ran around the lower part of that side of the house. I followed it, trying every door I saw in the hope that it might lead to some other passage, by which I could gain the upper floor. They were all closed as firmly as I had found the first, and becoming really alarmed at the result of my folly, I looked distractedly around me in the dim starlight for a mode of escape. A little flight of stone steps, rising almost in front of me, and ending I know not where, was all I could see, and a narrow rail of iron, passing up at their open side was the only protection they offered from the paved kitchen yard far beneath. Cautiously holding on by this guard, I followed this new outlet, up, up until it suddenly turned at the side of the turret, where the great dining hall was, as I could see by the grand Gothic window just above my head. There the stairs ceased, and I went forward, rounding the wall on an iron trellis work that seemed used more as a flower stand than a portico, for I found my way intercepted by tall plants in strange Chinese vases, and richly scented shrubs that brushed my face, and being thus disturbed, filled the air around me with heavy fragrance. An open casement, so nearly hidden by the tallest of these, that I had almost passed it without knowing it was there, presented the first hope I had of getting into the castle without calling for assistance and disclosing my indiscretion. I stepped very softly over the frame work, and felt about me in the darkness to find into what manner of apartment I had strayed. The floor sounded hard under my feet; it was marble. Then this must be some portion of the hall I thought, and putting out my hand I crept carefully on. They touched a door that must have been ajar, for it yielded easily, and opened before me. Just within I saw a gleam of light, and heard voices talking earnestly. I stepped forward and stopped to listen, only that I might hear whose tones they were, as a guide to the portion of the house I was in.

This was really my first and only thought; what occurred afterwards was the involuntary instinct of deep interest, and entirely without a premeditated idea on my part. I heard my own name spoken by Neill's voice.

"I implored you never to have Honora brought here," he said. "I foretold that she would bring ruin and distress on all our heads."

After these words, it never for a single instant suggested itself to me that I should fly, that it was mean and dishonorable to listen, and to be found doing so would lose me Sir Brian's regard forever. My only feeling was: "Neill is fulfilling his threat; he is poisoning my best friend's mind against me. He is a villain, and I hate him." I felt that he addressed Sir Brian, but his voice did not respond, and Neill went on hurriedly,

"If you disregard what I have told you, remember you do so in the face of proofs. I have convinced you that she saw *her* (he gave the pronoun a strange emphasis) in the little parlor overhead. Yes, she saw her as plainly as I see you now. Did she tell you of the meeting? No! Yet this is your simple, transparent-minded girl, that you can read as easily as you can the mirror that reflects your face. You are deceived, brother, believe me, you are deceived."

Here the speaker paused and seemed to wait an answer. It did not come, and he continued in a low, intense tone, as if he watched eagerly and fearfully for the effect of every word he uttered.

"You have pledged yourself to protect me, Brian, and for that protection I pay a daily price of misery and humiliation that a weaker nature than mine would sink beneath. Such is your will, my secret throws me in your power, and makes me the slave of your caprice. I do not ask you to be merciful—be just, and I am satisfied; just to me and to yourself. I could have gone when Launce and Monica went. It was in obedience to your will I stayed."

"My will!" Sir Brian's voice in answering was changed almost beyond recognition; hollow and harsh, it seemed the very echo of bitterness and misery. "My will would have had you die—die in remorseful shame and agony of soul—to think that you were the first of all your name and race that bore the brand of criminal."

A moment of silence only, and Neill spoke as softly and sweetly as was his wont, but not in reply to his brother.

"This girl was brought here," he said, "against all reason or prudence. Had she been the simple, childish creature Launce wrote she was, it would have been less dangerous. She is, as you cannot fail to see, a deep, watchful, suspicious Spaniard in heart and soul. This very day she forced her way into the turret garden, and Donohue could but ill constrain her to retire. She has concealed about her papers she took from Monica, and she defends the least encroachment on her mystery like a young tigress. Brian, you deal frankly with me; why should I try to use deceit with you? I do not; in plain words, if it were not for that family pride that is the strongest passion in your soul, I your brother might swing upon the gallows to-morrow morning, and yours would be the hand to give me up. Your terror at the stain to fall on your name is all that saves me, yet you are nourishing in your heart a young fiend that will blacken it for us both. Your journey to-day will fill the house with prying women, chattering French girls, who, under the guise of teaching, will assist her to scheme and plot until old Fogarty and all its bitter history will be at her fingers' ends. Either you look to her or I do. By right the girl is in my charge. Launce gave her up to me; and yet, when you desired it, I resigned her to your care."

Sir Brian's feet smote angrily on the floor, and he made a gurgling sound as if he were choked with wrath.

"You did not dare to welcome the poor child back to her desolate home. You, false wretch that you are! you had enough human soul in you to shrink from that; and you waived your right, that of having made her a poor, nameless stranger in the home of her fathers."

It was evident from every word Sir Brian uttered, that to address his brother at all required a strong effort of self-control, and that a concentrated horror and unutterable loathing suppressed his loud, clear voice into a cold, unnatural undertone.

Neill's last words had a defiant sound, as if he threw off for a moment the smooth surface that lay above all his thoughts, and their harsh meaning became apparent. He repeated: "She must be looked to; either you do it, or I will!"

"What do you mean, fiend that you are? Do you threaten the child?"

Sir Brian rose with these words, and seemed from the stir he made to rush forward. I heard the ring of the great old sword that always lay upon his table, and knew by the sound that he had grasped it. I took no thought of the discovery that Neill would make if he ran to the door where I was standing, but horror-struck and breathless, remained motionless where I was.

"Are you mad, Brian! Do you intend to alarm the house?" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The Light House Board has discontinued the use of sperm oil and of kerosene, and use only lard oil in the light-houses. Kerosene and other forms of Petroleum have been found to be dangerous on account of the explosiveness of its vapor when mingled with atmospheric air. Experiments have been made with the magnesium and electric lights, but they are too expensive for general use.

☞ "What are you building there?" asked Mr. M. of Mr. ——, who was engaged in erecting a *tomb* on his own premises.

"Don't you *see* what it is? I am building a *house*."

"Well," responded M., "I guess your neighbors will all be glad when you get moved into it!"

☞ Steubenville, Ohio, votes for postmaster. The man who gets the majority is recommended with the statement of facts, and the voice of the people is usually respected at the Department.

☞ The most necessary part of learning is to be taught to divest our minds of prejudice.

☞ The first question that disturbed man was the woman question, and it bids fair to be the last. Satan was at the bottom of the first case—and some think the last too.

☞ The Cotton Crop.—It has been estimated that only about one-fifth of the cotton crop of 1868 has yet been sold by the producers. This one-fifth has produced about fifty millions of dollars, and Southern writers upon the cotton interest argue that the balance of four-fifths may be made to yield two hundred millions. A large portion of the returns has been received in gold.

☞ In New York there is a forewoman who occupies one of the most responsible positions in the largest dry goods house in the country, and receives a salary of seven thousand dollars, and there are others similarly employed, whose annual compensation is not much less.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) **$2.50**; Two copies **$4.00**; Four copies **$8.00**; Eight copies (and one gratis) **$12.00**. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, **$4.00**. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 20 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 33 Machine, price $75. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium list, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

BACK NUMBERS.

We regret to say that we are out of our back numbers of THE POST up to the paper of December 12th.

We printed a large extra edition, and supplied those who applied for about two and a-half months; but we find that we have fallen short of the demand.

New subscribers will have to begin with the number of December 12th—and there could not be, we think, a better one to begin with; containing as it does, the opening of "THE MYSTERY OF THE REEFS," and "THE ABBOT'S POOL."

MISTAKES AND DELAYS.

There are always more or less mistakes at this time of year, owing to the blunders of others and our own. Our clerks are very much hurried, and therefore are liable to blunder more than usual, and our subscribers blunder much more than they have any idea of. Some delay also is unavoidable in entering subscriptions. A little charity all round, therefore, would be desirable.

One thing we are always ready to do—rectify any mistakes that we may make.

"THE SONG OF HOME AT SEA."—Mr. T. F., of Cedarville, N. Y., writes:—"I think your Premium Plate, 'The Song of Home at Sea,' surpasses any Premium Plate I ever saw."

☞ A subscriber writes of THE POST:—"THE POST is the KING OF THE WEEKLIES." Our subscription letters were never fuller of commendation than the present year. The writers must not think we do not fully appreciate their approving words, although we seldom notice them in the paper.

HOT AIR FURNACES.

The question of how we shall warm our houses, is a very important one. The use of the Hot Air Furnace—especially when anthracite coal is used—is supposed by many to injure the air (especially if the furnace is allowed to become red hot) by consuming its oxygen, carbonizing the fine particles of dust floating in it, and depriving it of its moisture.

Dr. Derby, of Boston, contends however, as the result of many experiments, that these injuries are scarcely worth mentioning—and that the true mischief is the impregnating the air with the carbonic oxide and carbonic acid gases, which escape from the burning coal through the joints of the furnace into the air chamber, (or into the room, when a simple stove is used,) and even, when the furnace or stove is greatly heated, through the pores of the iron itself.

Dr. Derby says that it is owing to these gases that the unpleasant symptoms of headache, languor, and other nervous disturbances are so often felt in houses heated, by coal.

If this be so, and we think it very probable, the greatest care should be exercised to make our stoves and furnaces, with their radiators and pipes, so tight as entirely to prevent the escape of those poisonous coal gases. But this in practice, owing to the alternate cooling and heating of the furnaces and stoves, is found to be nearly impossible.

The great recommendation of heating a house by hot water and by steam, consists in our thus being able to avoid these dangerous gases. And some cheap plan of doing this, would be a general benefit to the community. The furnace in this case, being kept outside of the air-chamber, the air cannot receive any injury. But it costs about a thousand dollars, we believe, to arrange a hot-water or steam heating apparatus.

Coal—both anthracite and bituminous—is just the right thing for our cold winters—if we can only get the good without the evil. But at present, scarcely a dwelling in which coal is used, is entirely free, at all times, from its health destroying gases.

All air-tight stoves, we may add, although economical in one sense, are far from being truly economical. A brisk fire is not so apt to throw out gas, and besides, it creates by its draft up the chimney, a constant change in the air of the apartment in which it is burning. It thus is one of the best means of ventilation—and by keeping the air pure and sweet, both health and comfort are greatly promoted, and ill-humor, troublesome diseases and the Doctor kept away. It is not true economy to save coal, if it helps to bring in the Doctor—unless he comes merely as a friend, in which case he is apt to be warmly welcomed as one of the pleasantest and most genial of visitors.

THE LIQUOR QUESTION.

The New York World has obtained samples from all the principal retailers of liquors (the highest as well as the lowest) in the city of New York, and had them analyzed by an expert chemist. All—that sold at the largest hotels included—is watered and adulterated; and the liquor at the Five Points is nearly as good, and generally less watered, than in the more respectable vicinities.

Fusel oil, a poison, which makes the brain dizzy, and the knees weak, and which is always found in imperfectly rectified corn whiskey, was found in very many samples of the Bourbon. Altogether the question is suggested, as worthy of settlement, not will the coming man drink alcoholic liquors, but will he drink fusel oil and various other poisons, mixed with his Bourbon?

This is a question that should be first settled—for very probably at least one-half (and that the worst half) of the mischief that comes from drinking, the alcohol itself is not responsible for. But while things are as they are, we should think that even the lovers of alcoholic liquors in their pure state, would see the wisdom of drinking as little as possible.

☞ The Storm.—We see there were snow storms all over the North and West on the first of the year. In Philadelphia we had rain and sleet—any amount of the latter, casing the trees in ice more completely than we ever saw it done before, and making great havoc among the branches. If there is any truth in the old saying however, we suppose we may expect a bounteous fruit season next summer and autumn.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

POPULAR COMMENTARY OF THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. LUKE. By ALFRED NEVIN, D. D. Published by William Flint, Philada.

GREATER BRITAIN: A Record of Travel in English-speaking Countries during 1866 and 1867. By CHAS. WENTWORTH DILKE. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

G. P. ROWELL & CO.'S AMERICAN NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY, containing accurate lists of all the newspapers and periodicals published in the United States and Territories, and the Dominions of Canada and British Colonies of North America. Published by G. P. Rowell & Co., New York.

FAIR PLAY; OR, THE TEST OF THE LONE ISLE. By Mrs. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

OSCAR BERTRAND. A Novel. By Miss M. E. BRADDON, author of "Dead Sea Fruit," "Lady Audley's Secret," &c., &c. Published by R. M. De Witt, New York; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Phila.

THE ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL REGISTER OF RURAL AFFAIRS. For 1869. Published by Luther Tucker & Son, Albany, New York.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY. For December, 1868. Published by A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

THE OLD FRANKLIN ALMANAC. 1869. Published by A. Winch, 505 Chestnut street, Philada.

New Music.

Published by W. W. Whitney, Toledo, Ohio.

THE PRIDE OF ELSINORE; Song and Chorus.

JAMIE, DEAR BROTHER, COME HOME; Temperance Ballad, with Chorus.

THE SUNLIGHT OF MY LIFE IS SHADED; Song for alto or baritone.

MEET ME, GENTLE BRIGHT-EYED BESSIE; Song and Chorus.

GASLIGHT GALOP. Par Ch. Roesch.

PEARLS OF FANCY WALTZ. By Thos. H. Greenough.

GERMAN HIGHLAND WALTZ. Par Ch. Roesch.

OH! WHERE CAN HE BE? Song and Chorus.

SWEET LUELLA KATE; Song and Chorus.

NORAH, THE PRIDE OF DUNDEE; Song and Chorus.

HAVE YE SEEN A LITTLE LASSIE? Song and Chorus.

OH! MARY, DARLING, COME TO ME; Song and Chorus.

ONLY A POOR LITTLE BEGGAR; Song and Chorus.

BEAUTIFUL GIRL OF THE NORTH; Song and Chorus.

THE DEAR OLD WEDDING RING.

WEET, WEET, WEET, ROBIN IS WEEPING; Ballad.

I'M HAPPY LITTLE NED; New Song and Dance.

SING TO ME THUS AS OF OLD; Ballad.

Genius.

Alexander Hamilton said to an intimate friend:—"Men give me some credit for genius. All the genius I have lies just in this: When I have a subject in hand, I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. I explore it in all its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make the people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought."

Mr. Webster once replied to a gentleman who pressed him to speak on a subject of great importance: "The subject interests me deeply, but I have not time. There, sir," pointing to a huge pile of letters on the table, "is a pile of unanswered letters to which I must reply before the close of the session (which was then three days off.) I have no time to master the subject so as to do it justice."

"But, Mr. Webster, a few words from you would do much to awaken public attention to it."

"If there is so much weight in my words as you represent, it is because I do not allow myself to speak on any subject until my mind is embued with it."

Demosthenes was once urged to speak on a sudden and great emergency. "I am not prepared," said he, and obstinately refused.

The law of labor is equally binding on genius and mediocrity.

Law of the Road.

Persons meeting in carriages on the highway are to turn to the right of the centre of the highway. It is not the centre of the smooth or most travelled part of the road, but the centre of the worked part, even though the whole of the smooth or travelled part be one side. In winter, however, when the road is obstructed by snow, the centre is the middle of the beaten path. The statute requiring carriages to turn to the right does not apply to the meeting of a carriage with a horse car, nor with a traveller on horseback. A traveller on the highway is bound to have his harness and carriage in a roadworthy condition, and is liable for any damage to others occasioned by insufficiency in this particular.

☞ A physician thinks the Grecian benders will soon ask his profession, "Canst thou not minister to a spine diseased?"

THE COMING YEAR.

We design making THE POST for the coming year superior to what it has ever been.

In the way of new Novelets we are able already to announce:—

"The Mystery of the Reefs."

BY MRS. ROSMER.

Cut Adrift; or, The Tide of Fate.

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

A New Novelet

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD, Author of "The Queen of the Savannah."

A New Novelet

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "St. George and the Dragon."

With OTHER NOVELETS and SHORT STORIES, by a host of able writers.

A copy of either of our large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library. "The Song of Home at Sea," is the new engraving, prepared especially for next year, at a cost for the mere engraving alone, of nearly $1,000!

To NEW SUBSCRIBERS we offer the following inducement. We shall print a large extra edition of the numbers containing the beginning of "THE MYSTERY OF THE REEFS," and "THE ABBOT'S POOL," and shall continue to date all *new* subscribers back to the paper of December 12th, until the large extra edition is exhausted. This arrangement will give new subscribers for 1869, who do not delay their subscriptions too long, *three papers in addition to the regular number for the year, or nearly thirteen months in all.*

This offer applies to all new subscribers, single or in clubs. And our Club terms are so very low, as compared with other first-class literary weeklies, that clubs should be obtained with the greatest ease. And the getter up of a club of Five or over, gets not only the Premium Engraving for his trouble, but a free copy of the paper also.

While we offer thus a special inducement to *new* subscribers, our *old* subscribers will reap the benefit of the increased circulation which it brings us, in the continual improvement of our paper—and therefore it is to their interest to speak a good word for us to their friends. We have already Enlarged and Beautified our paper—and of this they have had the advantage. And in proportion as patronage is extended to us, do we design making THE POST more and more worthy of their support.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

We trust that those of our subscribers who design making up clubs, will be in the field as early as possible, and make large additions to their lists. Our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

For TERMS see head of editorial column. Sample numbers are sent *gratis* to those desirous of getting up clubs.

A Good Hit.

"So you have returned to the house of your fathers," said Philip. "I hope you like it."

"It is commonplace in one respect," said Aunt Jane. "General Washington once slept here."

"Oh!" said Philip. "It is one of that class of houses?"

"Yes," said she. "There is not a village in America that has not half-a-dozen of them, not counting those where he only breakfasted. Did ever man sleep like that man? What else could he ever have done? Who governed, I wonder, while he was asleep? How he must have travelled! The swiftest horse could scarcely have carried him from one of these houses to another."

"I never was attached to the memory of Washington," meditated Philip; "but I always thought it was the pear tree. It must have been that he was such a very unsettled person."—*Atlantic Monthly.* [Oh no—it was because he was not born in Boston.—*Ed. Post.*]

The Suckers.

A Chicago paper tells how the men of Illinois came to be called "suckers." The prairies were wide, the tramps long, and at times water was scarce. The crawfish is a cold water animal, under all circumstances, and where he lives at all, he bores for his favorite liquor if he can get it on no easier terms. The habitation of the happy crawfish is never out of water, in which site the crustaccan damp and cheerful. The early thirsty prairie traveller coming to one of the crawfish holes, even if the surface of low soil was baked and parched, knew that here was water, and the adjacent reeds—perhaps he carried one stuck in his hat-band—furnished the ready means of drawing on the stock of the crawfish. So they came to be known as "suckers."

☞ There is an Indiana magistrate named Heiser, and the other day when a gawk and his girl applied for some one to marry them he was told: "You had better take your gal and go to Heiser."

Pure Candies.

The outcry some years ago relative to the adulteration of candies, and their poisonous colors, has not been without its effect. The *New York World* says:—

The World's commissioner was some weeks since sent to purchase confectionery at most of the large dealers in New York. He visited Wild's and Maillard's on Broadway, Ridley's on Chambers street, and purchased samples of all the popular styles of confectionery from the well-known shops of Taylor, Weber, Bijou, Pouchon, and Curet. He was instructed to obtain the candy sold as "love drops," and the various sorts of tinctured brandy-drops and flavored bonbons, and he examined thoroughly the stock exposed for sale on the counters and in the jars of the well-known French houses just mentioned. Those specimens, when all obtained, consisted of eighteen packages. They were marked and submitted to Professor Charles A. Seely for analysis. Similar purchases were made in the Third avenue and Grand street. The purchaser was told that at some of the French confectioners a candy was being sold under the name of "love drops," which contained phosphorus and cantharides, and that the solutions held in the brandy drops were fictitious extracts, dangerous to the health of those who swallowed them. With this pleasing stimulus he secured at all the places above named, love drops, brandy drops, cordial drops, and wine drops. With the further purpose of running down white lead, terra alba, and chalk, he bought burnt almonds, clove buds, cassia buds, cardamom sugar-plums, and the nameless little candies that are white and hard inside; actuated, also, by a strong desire to unearth Prussian blue, verdigris, gamboge, chrome green and yellow, he suffered his eye to be caught by all the glaring colors that abound during holiday week at these places. And here it must be observed that the popular taste in respect to confectionery has undergone a marked change with the last few years. There is less of the glaring candy balls used, even the barberpole sugar-sticks brilliantly entwined with red and blue, have almost disappeared. At a time within the recollection of most of our readers the favorite form of confections, especially at this season, was that made of flour-paste and sugar, moulded into the forms of birds, beasts, and various familiar utensils, highly colored on the exterior with daubs of vivid yellow, red and blue. Now, however, pure sugar drops, in the shape of hailstones, or moulded in patterns to imitate birds and fruits, have taken their place. The introduction of chocolate, and fruit itself, into confections, has widened the field immensely, and the prejudice against colors has been so strong that it is found more profitable to manufacture the produce uncolored, or to merely tint it with chocolate or some equally warm tint. The confectioner who would now manufacture bright green taffy would hardly find a sale for it; and so exquisite is the taste of the candy-loving public, that any weakening of its sugar by flour, or chalk, or whiting, would be a hazardous undertaking, with the active competition going on in refined sugar. The public have learned to judge of candy by its crystallized appearance; they evidently know that starch and flour cannot be made to present the fine crystalline surface of pure sugar, and the consequence has been that all the confectioners now exhibit their skill in the preparation of sugar comfits and bon-bons that pretty generally stand the test of not only a delicate palate, but of a chemical analysis. It is with no slight degree of pleasure, therefore, that we present Professor Seely's report on the candies submitted to him. However anxious The World may be to detect and expose the frauds and vices of sordid manufacturers and tradesmen, it can have no motive in exaggerating fanciful evils.

CHEMIST'S REPORT.

NEW YORK, December 30.

The following is my report of an examination of samples of confectionery received from you, and designated by letters A to O inclusive:

I find nothing objectionable in any of the samples; they contain only what is proper to put in fancy candy of the best quality. I should not hesitate to give such to my children.

I have examined the samples for starch and mineral matter, and found neither. I do not think that any adulterant whatever has been used in their preparation.

Tests were made on the colors, and they were found to be such as are admissible in ornamenting articles of food, and of organic origin.

Respectfully, CHARLES A. SEELY.

The extracts in the candies called brandy drops, and which sell for $1.50 a pound, were found to be dilutions of brandy, very weak indeed, thickened with gum, and containing traces of some flavoring. As these liquids are put into the sugar when it is hot, they must suffer by evaporation. The love-drops, so called, were absolute sugar, containing no deleterious ingredients whatever, but variously flavored with fruity extracts. The cassia buds were entirely soluble, and the coloring matters used were of vegetable nature.

DRUGGED CANDIES.—While it is manifestly impossible to introduce phosphorus into candy in any shape in such quantity as to produce the stimulating effect sought, and at the same time disguise its presence, it is well known that red pepper, oil of cinnamon, musk, and bergamot are used to a considerable extent in the preparation of particular kinds of lozenges. These essential oils are all more or less objectionable, but their presence is too palpable to need a caution from us. They are sold to a limited extent by nearly all the confectioners, but they are neither dangerous nor popular enough to cause the slightest alarm among parents.

CHEAP CANDIES.—There are six or seven small confectioners in the city who make confection for the cheaper market out of New York. The worst possible samples of their candies contained flour and starch, but their ingredients were instantly apparent to the tongue, and the price of the candy itself is sufficient to indicate the adulteration. The forms of confectionery sold on the street corners, consisting of tinted parched corn and square blocks of transparent amber-colored sugar can be tested on the tongue. They are all bought at the one or two large dealers, and the cheaper kinds of chocolate cream and love drops, sold by the piece to the boys, are obtained at a discount on account of their staleness. In regard to the coloring matter, it may be well to state that the use of analine colors, of late years, has almost entirely driven indigo and Prussian blue from the field, and even when these latter colors are used in the decoration of the surfaces of cheap candies, the quantity is so infinitesimal as to necessitate the eating of several pounds of candy to produce the slightest symptom of disorder.

Our advice to those who must purchase decorated sweets is, purchase them of the established houses who have no interest to advance by the use of factitious compounds.

Chemistry in our case has had its only good word to say, so far, for Santa Claus. The rising generation of New York, armed with its cornucopias this week, may smile in derision at the bugaboo of paint, and the young ladies who love bonbons and caramels may continue to sip in conscious security.

A Philosopher on Ice.

Professor Silliman, of Yale College, but more widely known in his relation to the extraordinary mining interests of this country, had a passage in his lecture the other night before the American Institute, which discriminates precisely the unscientific spirit from the scientific. Expounding the fact that matter contracts in space as it descends in temperature and the exception in the case of water, which, after contracting in its descent to 40 degrees, then expands in its further descent to the freezing point 32 degrees, where it crystallizes into ice, the Professor observed:

"It is the great delight of a devoted mind to believe that the exception is a part of the original intention of the Great Architect in the formation of the world in adapting it to be inhabited by human beings. * * * * If water, as it solidfied, continued to shrink and to become heavier, the whole mass would become frozen in a single winter so that no summer would be long enough to melt it, and eternal death would rest upon the globe."

Professor Tyndall, the first of living scientists, had fallen in with some English Silliman, apparently, when he wrote his book on "Heat as a Mode of Motion," where he says:

"It is hardly necessary for me to say a word on the importance of this property of water in the economy of nature. Suppose a lake exposed to a clear wintry sky; the superficial water is chilled, contracts, becomes thus heavier and sinks by its superior weight, its place being supplied by the lighter water below. In time this is chilled and sinks in turn. Thus a circulation is established, the cold, dense water descending, and the lighter and warmer water rising to the top. Supposing this to continue, even after the first pellicle of ice were formed at the surface, the ice would sink as it is formed, and the process would not cease until the entire water of the lake would be solidified. Death to every living thing in the water would be the consequence. But just as matters become critical nature steps aside from her ordinary proceeding, causes the water to expand by cooling, and the cold water swims like a scum on the surface of the warmer water underneath. Solidification ensues, but the solid is much lighter than the subjacent liquid, and the ice forms a protecting roof over the living things below. Such facts, naturally and rightly, excite the emotions; indeed, the relations of life to the conditions of life—the general adaptation of means to ends in nature—excite, in the profoundest degree, the interest of the philosopher. But in dealing with natural phenomena, the feelings must be carefully watched. They often lead us unconsciously to overstep the bounds of fact. Thus I have heard this wonderful property of water referred to as an indisputable proof of design, unique of its kind, and suggestive of pure benevolence. 'Why,' it is urged, 'should this case of water stand out isolated if not for the purpose of protecting nature against herself?' The fact, however, is that the case is not an isolated one. You see this iron bottle, rent from neck to bottom; I break it with this hammer, and you see a core of metal within. This is the metal bismuth, which, when it was in a molten condition, I poured into this bottle and closed the bottle by a screw, exactly as in the case of the water. This metal cooled, solidified, expanded, and the force of its expansion was sufficient to burst the bottle. There are no fish here to be saved, still the molten bismuth acts exactly as the water acts. Once for all, I would say that the natural philosopher, as such, has nothing to do with purposes and designs. His vocation is to inquire *what* nature is, not *why* she is; though he, like others, and he, more than others, must stand at times rapt in wonder at the mystery in which he dwells, and towards the final solution of which his studies furnish him no clue. * * * *

"Nature is full of anomalies which no foresight can predict, and which experiment alone can reveal. From the deportment of a vast number of bodies, we should be led to conclude that heat always produces expansion, and that cold always produces contraction. But water steps in, and bismuth steps in to qualify this conclusion. If a metal be compressed, heat is developed; but if a metal wire be stretched, cold is developed. Mr. Joule and others have worked at this subject, and found the above fact all but general. One striking exception to this rule (I have no doubt there are many others) has been known for a great number of years, and I will now illustrate this exception by an experiment. My assistant will hand me a sheet of India-rubber, which I have placed in the next room to keep cold. From this sheet I cut a strip three inches long and an inch and a-half wide; I turn my thermo-electric pile upon its back, and upon its exposed face I lay this piece of India-rubber. From the deflection of the needle you see that the piece of rubber is cold. I now lay hold of the ends of the strip, suddenly stretch it, and press it while stretched on the face of the pile. See the effect! The needle moves with energy, and showing that the stretched rubber has heated the pile. But one deviation from the rule always carries other deviations in its train. In the physical world, as in the moral, acts are never isolated. Thus with regard to our India-rubber; its deviation from the rule referred to is only part of a series of deviations. In many of his investigations Mr. Joule has been associated with an eminent natural philosopher—Professor William Thompson—and when Thompson was aware of the deviation of India-rubber from an almost general rule, he suggested that the stretched India-rubber might *shorten* on being heated. The test was applied by Mr. Joule, and the shortening was found to take place."

☞ "What is your consolation in life and death?" asked a clergyman of a young miss in a Bible class that he was catechising. The young lady blushed and hesitated. "Will you not tell me?" urged the clergyman. "I don't want to tell his name," said the ingenuous girl, "but I've no objection to telling you where he lives."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—New Year's Day was very generally observed as a holiday. In this city, there was a reception by Gen. Grant, in Independence Hall.

—The trial of George S. Twitchell, Jr., for the murder of Mrs. Hill, was concluded on the 1st, the jury rendering a verdict of murder in the first degree.

—William Brooke and Charles Orne were convicted at Stroudsburg on the 1st, of the murder of Theodore Brondhend, of the Delaware Water Gap.

—A New York paper says: In comparison with former years the number of large parties given this winter is very small. Social entertainments take the form of receptions and musical soirees.

—Charleston is loading eight ships for Liverpool. Well done for the Palmetto city!

—An Iowa boy lately skated ten miles in forty minutes.

—Louis Napoleon, in his usual New Year's speech to the Diplomatic Corps, confidently hoped that the year 1869 would prove as satisfactory as the year which had just closed, and that the course of events may dissipate unfavorable apprehensions, and consolidate the peace so necessary to the welfare and progress of civilized nations and peoples.

A Mormon on the Fashions.

In a recent address the Mormon prophet paid his respects to the prevailing fashion of long trails, as follows:

If it is the duty of the husband or father to furnish his family with cloth to dress themselves, it is their duty to see that the cloth is cut and made prudently and not wasted. It is a disgrace to a community to drag their cloth in the dirt. How many women are there here to-day who walked to this Tabernacle without throwing dirt every step they took, not only on themselves, but upon those who walked near them? I shun them; when I see them coming I try to make my way in some other direction in order to avoid their dust. I can get enough of it without receiving it from them. If there is a nuisance in the path, they are sure to wipe up a portion of it with their dress, and then trail it on to their carpet or into the bed-rooms and distribute it through the house. This is a disgrace to them.

It is not the duty of my brethren to buy cloth to be dragged through these streets, and the wife or daughter who will not cease dragging her dress through them, ought to have it cut shorter. I have borne it, and so have my brethren, until duty demands that we put a stop to it. I have politely expostulated with my wives and daughters on this subject. I have asked them if they think it looks nice, and have been told that it did, their reasons for thinking so being that somebody else wore it so. That is all the argument that can be brought in its favor. There is no reason in the world why a dress looks well trailing through the streets.

On the other hand I will say, ladies, if we ask you to make your dresses a little shorter, do not be extravagant and cut them so short that we can see the tops of your stockings. Bring them down to the top of your shoes, and have them so that you can walk and clear the dust, and do not expose your persons. Have your dresses neat and comely, and conduct yourselves, in the strictest sense of the word, in chastity. If you do this, you set a good example before the rising generation. Use good language, wear comely clothing, and act in all things so that you can respect yourselves and respect each other. We wish you to remember and carry out these counsels.

Gentlemen will find Burnett's Oriental *Tooth Wash* an effectual detergent after smoking.

☞ The following, which recently appeared in the "Personal" column of the N. Y. Herald, is probably the most public popping of the question on record:—

SALLIE—Will you marry me Thursday noon? Baltimore on wedding tour, returning Monday. Answer. SCOTTIE.

HUNT'S COURT TOILET POWDER is superior to any other for whitening the skin. It does not rub off or injure the complexion. No lady should be without this justly celebrated requisite for the toilet. The sale for the last eight years has been unparalleled. Price 50 cents. Sold everywhere. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

Hunt's Bloom of Roses.

A delicate color for the cheeks or lips, does not wash off, and warranted not to injure the skin, can only be removed with vinegar, and cannot be detected with a microscope. It remains permanent for years, and can in no manner be discovered from the natural flush of health, and excites universal admiration. Price $1. Sent by mail for $1.13. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

☞ A Frenchman owed a man eight hundred francs, and he made a proposition to give him eight notes, payable monthly, for one hundred francs each. The first note was protested. The creditor demanded an explanation. "I didn't want you to lose eight hundred francs all at once, so I divided it up, that your loss might fall upon you by driblets."

Upham's Depilatory Powder

Removes superfluous hair from any part of the body in *five minutes*, without injury to the skin. Sent by mail for $1.25.

Upham's Asthma Cure

Relieves the most violent paroxysms in *five minutes*, and effects a speedy cure. Price $3 by mail.

The Japanese Hair Stain

Colors the whiskers and hair a beautiful *black* or *brown*. It consists of *only one preparation*. 75 cts. by mail. Address S. C. UPHAM, 715 South Seventh street, Philadelphia. Circulars sent free. Sold by all Druggists. oct17-12t

☞ A little four year old, striving to impress his sister with the vast quantity of something he would give her, said—"Turn the sky over and I will fill it full." That would be a large dish to fill.

B. T. BABBITT'S ARTICLES OF EVERY DAY USE, *Family and Toilet Soaps.* The very best. *Soap Powder.* The great labor-saving compound. *Concentrated Potash.* The ready soapmaker. *Saleratus,* warranted *pure* and *unadulterated. Super Carb. Soda* and *Star Yeast Powder* of superior quality.

Lion Coffee, guaranteed pure, and in flavor unsurpassed.

For sale by Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia, and at the manufactory, Nos. 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72 and 74 Washington street, and 43 and 44 West street, New York. B. T. BABBITT. feb20-1y

Exuberant Health

Is a blessing vouchsafed to few. Even those who have been favored by nature with strong constitutions and vigorous frames are apt to neglect the precautions necessary to preserve those precious endowments. Indeed, as a rule, the more healthy and robust a man is, the more liberties he is inclined to take with his own physique. It is some consolation to the naturally weak and feeble to know that they can be so invigorated and built up, by a proper use of the means which science has placed at their disposal, as to have a much better chance of long life and exemptions from disease and pain, than the most athletic of their fellows who are foolish enough to suppose themselves invulnerable, and act accordingly.

It is not too much to say that more than half the people of the civilized world *need an occasional tonic*, to enable them to support the strain upon their bodies and minds, which the fast life of this restless age occasions. In fact, a *pure, wholesome, unexciting tonic* is the grand desideratum of the busy millions, and they have the article in HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. It is a STAMINAL MEDICINE, i. e. it imparts permanent strength to weak systems and invigorates delicate constitutions. Its reputation and its sales have steadily increased. Competitive preparations have been introduced, *ad libitum*, and, as far as the public is concerned, *ad nauseam*, in the hope of rivalling it; but they have all either perished in the attempt, or been left, far in the rear. It has been the *great medical success of the present century*, and it is quite certain that no proprietary medicine in this country is as widely known, or as generally used.

Ten lightning presses, running incessantly (Sunday excepted,) the whole year through, barely supply the demand for the Illustrated Almanac, in which the nature and uses of the preparation are set forth, the circulation now being over five millions a year.

jan2-4t

☞ The following story if not true, is certainly "well invented:" A confident Millerite, meeting Theodore Parker, said to him—"Friend, do you know that the world is coming to an end next week?" Parker replied—"Oh! that doesn't concern me—I live in Boston." Passing on, he saw Ralph Waldo Emerson, and asked the same question. Emerson's answer was—"Well, let it come to an end; we can get along full as well without it."

H. H. H.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent ease for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-ALLEN, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions,* PAIN, *from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for SPRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CRAMPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, Mosquito BITES, also STINGS or POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUNSTROKES, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar9-eowtf

☞ A school teacher near Chattanooga, Tenn., was assaulted some days ago for having whipped one of his pupils, and in the affray that ensued four persons, including the school teacher, were killed.

Those Possessed of Common Wit

Buy bottles that white wrappers fit;
But fools are often caught and sold,
With tinted wrappers, brown and old.

Wolcott's ANNIHILATOR, full pints, price $1, is sold by all respectable druggists. Wolcott's PAIN PAINT is the most efficient remedy for pain. Buy it. Try it. jan2-4t

☞ Florida is called the poor man's paradise by a correspondent. He says a $500 house there is as good as a $2,500 one at the north. There is no wood-pile or hay-mow to provide, and land is fifty cents an acre.

The Bowen Microscope,

Magnifying 500 *times, mailed* for 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, Box 230, Boston, Mass. je27-tf

☞ Fox-hunting has begun in England for the season, and already one lord and two or three gentlemen have ridden into eternity over a fence that was a few inches too high.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—When the strength and spirits are broken, every internal function disordered, the stomach torpid and relaxed, this wonderful medicine accomplishes its miracles, rescuing the sick from the shadow of impending death.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d of Dec., by the Rev. J. Wheaton Smith, D. D., JOHN VANKIRK to M. LOUISE MOSELEY, both of this city.

On the 24th of Dec., by the Rev. J. H. Alday, Mr. TALLMAN S. NUTT to Miss MARY E. LOWER, both of Bordentown, N. J.

On the 10th of Nov., by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. JOSEPH N. GOODMAN to Miss ELIZABETH WARNER, both of this city.

On the 24th of Dec., by the Rev. J. Wheaton, D. D., Mr. BENJAMIN F. GARRITSON to Miss DELIA T., daughter of Joel Paul, Esq., both of this city.

On the 23th of Dec., by the Rev. William T. Eva, Mr. JOHN W. TURNER to Miss EMMA K., daughter of Benj. Bacon, Esq., of this city.

On the 24th of Dec., by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. WOODMAN STOCKLEY to Miss ELIZABETH W. STOKES, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 28th of Dec., CATHARINE MILNE, in her 80th year.

On the 28th of Dec., WILLIAM HOWER, in his 73d year.

On the 28th of Dec., ELI S. BURNETT, in his 59d year.

On the 27th of Dec., WILLIAM M. SOUDER, aged 70 years.

On the 27th of Dec., SARAH JANE, wife of Benj. Burdick, in her 26th year.

On the 27th of Dec., LOUIS M. EMANUEL, M. D., aged 24 years.

On the 26th of Dec., ANALINE, relict of the late Alex. Hamilton.

On the 29th of Dec., JAMES A. CUMMINGS, in his 71st year.

On the 25th of Dec., Mr. ADAM S. YOUNG, in his 47th year.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.*

["And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Bethpeor, but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."—Deut. xxxiv. 6.]

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave.
And no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling
Or saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun,—

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves,—
So, without sound of music
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Bethpeor's height,
Out of his rocky eyry
Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war
With arms reversed and muffled drum
Follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place
With costly marble dressed.
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the choir sings and the organ rings,
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?
The hillside for his pall;
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave;

In that deep grave without a name;
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again—most wondrous thought,
Before the judgment day,
And stand with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land,
O dark Bethpeor's hill,
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace—
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well.

*This poem originally appeared in the Dublin University Magazine about a dozen years ago. It has "gone the rounds" every few years since that time, and has often been attributed to N. P. Willis and several other American poets. The author's name has never, to our knowledge, been made public.

An Old-Time Desperado.

One summer's evening, towards seven o'clock, and at the moment when the inhabitants of Bordeaux turn out of doors to breathe the cool, refreshing air at the close of the sultry day, the Marquis de Lignano, accompanied by a couple of his creatures, took up a position in the Rue Sainte Catherine, at the corner of the gallery. The marquis was elegantly dressed and delicately gloved, according to his habit, and carried in his hand a thin flexible switch, with which he played like a man who is happy and contented with himself. From time to time, however, he showed signs of impatience, and eventually abruptly quitted his position at the angle of two streets, and going into the middle of the road, gazed for a minute or two in the direction of the Place de la Comedie. Evidently disappointed in his expectations, he returned to his two comrades, exchanged a few words with them, and resumed his scrutiny. After a few turns backwards and forwards, the marquis again approached his acolytes, and said to them in an undertone:

"Now, pay particular attention; here comes my man."

The individual whom the marquis styled his man was a distinguished-looking personage, young, handsome, and well-dressed, and was engaged in humming a lively tune while leisurely pursuing his way, apparently indifferent to everything around. He was much surprised when, at a few yards from the corner of the street, our bully advanced towards him and saluted him with mock politeness. The young man stopped suddenly, but before he had time to speak, the marquis, holding out his switch on a level with his knees, said to him:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but give yourself the trouble to jump over this."

The young man looked hard at his interrupter for a moment, then smiled and jumped over the switch, and still smiling, went his way, fully believing the marquis to be a lunatic. This mistake simply saved his life. The marquis, on his part, stupefied at the charming complacency shown by the young man in so readily acquiescing in his demand, became furious. His design had signally failed, and might fail a second time, and even a third time. Under any circumstances, all had to be gone through again, and as it was necessary that he should select his intended victim, he had to wait before he could renew his experiment.

At length the wished-for moment arrived. While the marquis was looking towards the Place de la Comedie, he observed at some distance off a young officer of the garrison advancing along the footpath. This time it was more than probable something serious would result, and the marquis, therefore, made a sign to his friends, so that they might be prepared for any emergency. Each moment brought the officer nearer to these three scoundrels. He proved to be a young man about five-and-twenty years of age, who was already a captain, and consequently carried his head high. With his left hand resting on the hilt of his sword, he strolled along, with that easy carelessness which is the soldier's privilege under all circumstances.

When he had arrived within a few yards of the marquis, the latter advanced towards him with his accustomed air of politeness, and holding out his switch, as he had done before, repeated his invitation in these terms:—

"Monsieur le Capitaine, be kind enough to jump over this switch."

The officer halted and surveyed the insolent individual before him from head to foot, at first, without the slightest symptom of anger, but also without fear—in truth, he was not quite certain that he had not a madman to deal with. When the marquis observed this temporary hesitation, he saw the officer was prepared to resist him, and believing he had found the man he wanted, drew himself up, and, in a haughty tone, ordered him to jump forthwith. Indignant at this insolent provocation, the officer thought the proper thing to do was to send the switch with a kick into the middle of the road, and then to soundly box the marquis's ears. The latter, on being struck more than once, danced about and stormed, and his rage prevented him from uttering a single intelligible word. Meanwhile his two accomplices endeavored to appease him, for a crowd had collected around. The young officer, who had not lost his composure for a moment, having given his address, prepared to elbow his way through the throng, seemingly utterly indifferent to the scrape in which he had thoughtlessly involved himself.

The following day, about eight o'clock in the morning, the Marquis de Lignano and his two seconds repaired to a little wood in the commune of Pessac, quite close to Bordeaux, where they found their adversary of the night before, who had brought with him two officers and the doctor of his regiment. It had been arranged that the duel should be fought with the small-sword, and, on the part of the marquis, it had been stipulated that slight wounds were not to count, and that the contest should only terminate when one of them had fallen. In short, enough blood was required to wipe out the injuries which the marquis considered he had sustained.

According to the universally recognised code of the duel, from the moment when the seconds place the swords in the hands of the two adversaries, each combatant, no matter what may be the reason that has brought them face to face, is alike sacred against insult on the part of the other. The Marquis de Lignano, nevertheless, had the insolence to hold out his switch again in front of his adversary, and to say to him:

"Monsieur le Capitaine, there is yet time. Will you jump now?"

"Sir," replied the officer, coldly, "he who insults his adversary on the ground is a contemptible scoundrel."

"You will not jump, then? Well, all the worse for you," and with a rapid movement he drew his switch across the officer's face.

The marquis's seconds laughed; as to the officer's seconds and the doctor, they reddened with indignation at having to do with such scum of society.

The two opponents took up their positions. The marquis was a peculiar, but not a first-rate, swordsman. In order, therefore, that he might finish off his adversary as quickly as possible, he sought to tire him during the first two or three minutes, harassing him with all manner of feints until, overcome with fatigue, he should lay himself open to an easy thrust. Watching his opportunity, the marquis gave a terrible lunge, which drove his sword right through the unfortunate officer's body. The unhappy man reeled back on the grass. The doctor placed his hand upon his heart and found it had already ceased to beat.

The dead man's seconds, overcome with grief, grasped his hand for the last time; they were both friends of his of long standing. One of them, kneeling down, was about to close the vacant eyes, when Lignano touched him on the shoulder, and repeated in his ear the sinister words:

"Monsieur, will you jump?"

The latter looked for a moment at the marquis, and, without replying, seized the sword upon which the corpse of his friend had fallen, and at once placed himself in position. At the end of some seconds, during which the officer had shown much useless resolution, he received a sword thrust in the breast, and rolled expiring on the ground. He had, however, a few minutes to live.

The doctor quitted the dead man to hasten to the wounded one, and called the other second to his assistance, but Lignano, now grown infuriated, threw himself in the unhappy man's way, and was about to repeat his offensive proposal for the third time. He was, however, saved the trouble.

"I understand you," calmly observed the officer, seizing his comrade's sword, and placing himself face to face with the terrible marquis. Some seconds later he sank down in his blood.

Only the doctor now remained. Would any human being credit it, the bloodstained bully, brutal as he naturally was, was rendered positively fiendlike by the intoxication of the slaughter which he had already perpetrated, and longed for more blood to shed? Addressing himself to the doctor in a tone of command, he required him to jump over the switch.

The doctor did not hesitate. He did what most other men would have done in his place. He jumped over the switch, and by so doing, was able to continue his attentions to two wounded men, and to save the life of one of them.

☞ A girl in Ohio bruised her lip. Her mother wiped the oil from the bowl of her pipe and applied it to the bruise, and the effect was convulsions and death. From this we see that a smoker or chewer cannot kiss a woman without peril to her life.

☞ A contemporary states that a rakish-looking craft arrived the other day at Queenstown from Labrador, bearing the unusual appellation of *The Devil*, and having a full-sized representation of his Satanic Majesty for figure-head.

HOW I WAS RUN AWAY WITH;

OR,

The Difficult Circumstances of Captain Mannering.

PART II.

WHAT WAS PROMISED.

I promised myself that I would not live through another such six daylight hours. I promised myself a full explanation with Lucy. Mrs. Marmaduke's "good-night" had made some speedy action on my part imperative; and, offensive or defensive, I would go into opposition without doubt on the coming morning.

I rose early, wishing for a quiet half-hour of thought, in order to perfect my plans of proceeding, in the open air, before breakfast.

I got into the shrubbery, and then I saw, among the evergreens, a charming little figure in a brilliant red cloak. I gave chase and soon got up side by side with Lucy Lorimer.

"How do you do, Miss Lorimer?" I said. "The top of the morning to your honor," she answered, with the prettiest affectation of the Irish accent imaginable. "I am glad to meet you," I went on; "we have just half an hour for talk before breakfast." "And what have you to say?" she asked, looking up with a seriousness that might have bewitched me but for the recollection of my last night's interview with Mrs. Marmaduke Smith. "I have to say that I am aware of the flattering project, as far as I am concerned, for a marriage between you and me." I quite gasped when I had got this statement bravely made. "And who told you?" said she.

There was something so provokingly comic in her manner, her coolness, and, indeed, in the whole situation, that I could hardly believe in the facts that surrounded me. But I kept up my courage, and replied, "Your aunt, Mrs. Marmaduke Smith, has told me of these expectations. But, Miss Lorimer, I am in difficult circumstances. Your aunt takes it all for granted, and last night, called me an adopted son, and—" "Well?" She turned her face towards me now with a look of serious interest. I went on courageously. "And—and kissed me," I said.

The change that came to her beautiful face was so great, so sudden, so gay, and so irresistible, in its intense amusement, that when she laughed, which she did with soft-sounding little cries of all-conquering mirth, I laughed too, leaning against the trunk of a huge laurel, and only stopping to entreat her, spasmodically, to listen to me and hear all I had to say on a really serious subject.

"Not now, not now," she gasped; "I shall die of it if you go on. Oh! she is so in love with you, and we only got here yesterday at four o'clock in the afternoon! Oh, oh! If I did not want—want—" and once more she hid her face and became convulsed with laughter.

"You *must* hear me, if you please," I said, getting in my real earnestness sufficiently grave to continue the subject.

"Oh! but I know all that you want to say," she cried, looking at me eagerly; "and you must indeed be good and obedient. After all, it will not be much to hear. Do be merciful to me, Captain Mannering! I have vowed a great vow to make you—" She stopped, got very pink, and fixed her quiet, clear, tearful, inquiring eyes upon my face, as if she would ask how far she might go, and how much I might be able to bear and to forgive. I felt strangely moved. With a steady voice and manner I repeated her words. "You have vowed a vow to make me—what, Miss Lorimer?" She hung her head, she came a little closer to my side, she spoke quite clearly, very quietly, and with great, even tender earnestness—"To make you run away with me, Captain Mannering." And then I started, giving a genuine jump of pure surprise. But the gentle little beauty held to her statement. "Yes, do; for mercy's sake; don't say no! I have promised and vowed—oh, a hundred things; and I see no way out of my troubles except by your running away with me."

She clasped her pretty hands, she looked up in my face as no woman had ever looked before. "Do, do—pray do! I have vowed to make you. I shall never be married unless you do." And all this was said softly, with an earnestness of pleading, with a seriousness of entreaty that staggered me. Then, with a piteous sort of cry, once more, "I shall never be married unless you do!" "Good gracious!" I exclaimed. "Oh, yes! and we could be off on Tuesday morning very well." "Why," said I, "this is Saturday!"

"I have thought of nothing else ever since you found me with the big book yesterday afternoon in the drawing-room. I took such comfort from your face and manner. I did, indeed; for heaven's sake believe me. It can't come off before Tuesday; but if we started by the eight o'clock train on Tuesday morning, we should get to London before eleven, and we could go straight from the station to the church—" She would have said more, but I put my hand on her arm and stopped her.

There we stood together under the great shadowing evergreen, and her sweet face wore such a look of almost incredible earnestness, that I suddenly knew she meant every word that she said. There was *that* in her beautiful countenance which no acting could have produced, even if acting could have been possible in such a matter; and there was *that* also in her whole bearing, and in her character, as far as I had learnt it, which made the idea of a practical joke of so great magnitude perfectly impossible. But I was puzzled past all conception. I did not know into what kind of world I had got, or in the midst of what war of feeling I was expected to take part. I only felt sure of *one* thing, and that was that Lucy was sincere—that she actually meant what she said.

Some great distress had brought this beautiful young woman into the desperate circumstances in which she now stood; some enormous pressure of trouble must have reduced her to the last despair of casting herself thus upon my mercy. I felt for her very much, and my feelings were none the less genuine for the laugh having only just died away from our lips.

I spoke gravely. "You know," I said, "if you are serious."

"I am, I am serious. Believe that, I entreat you; and trust me, trust me for the rest."

"If you are serious," I went on, "you are asking me to do what should be abhorred by all honorable men. Your aunt is willing that I should marry you." "Oh, thanks be! I felt you were just the man she would fall in love with, and I blessed my stars when first I saw you." "Well, such being the case," I went on, in my business-like manner, "however much we loved each other, there would be no excuse for our running away." "There is in this instance," she said, steadily—indeed, with quite a matter-of-fact manner; "there is in this instance, for I have vowed not to go to church like other girls, and be bride's-maided and breakfasted; I told her so, told Mrs. Marmaduke, I mean, long ago; and one of her great troubles is, that she cannot tell how I am to be married, because she knows I will not break my word. We have had more than one savage fall out on the matter; not *whom* I am to marry, but *how* I am to marry, is the great mystery to her; now just promise me—promise me, I say—run away with me on Tuesday morning. I will write her a letter, and make her mind easy, and I can telegraph from London as soon as we come out of church."

I looked at her. I could not make her out.

"You cannot love me," I said.

"Quite as much as you love me," she answered, very quickly.

"And there are money matters to arrange."

"No; none. I shall make all that quite easy and honorable. Mrs. Marmaduke makes no objection to you, and one written word from her makes all my fortune at once my own. Indeed, in eight months, it would be my own."

"Then wait, Lucy; marry no one till you are your own mistress."

There was a garden bench close by, and when I said this, she turned away, and sat down, burying her face in her ungloved hands; and I saw the tears forcing their way through her fingers, while she shook with the emotion that she could not conquer. I sat down by her.

"You know I am right," I said, very gently. "You know I should not act respectably if I did not advise you to wait."

She put one white little hand into mine, and yet she kept her head turned away as if she was ashamed of having shown herself so thoroughly overcome; but, in a moment, she returned to the attack.

"Wait!" she cried; "wait eight months! You know I *could* not. I should go out of my senses. I should break my heart. I should run away by myself." And at this idea, she gave a pretty little laugh through her tears, and I felt that Lucy Lorimer was undoubtedly a dangerously fascinating creature.

"You are really unhappy," I said.

She looked at me steadily. She was quite composed and quiet now. She said, "So unhappy, so incurably miserable, that I see no other way out of grief enough to make me indifferent to life than that you should lay aside all scruples, knowing that you are approved of by my aunt, and run away with me."

I said, "I will marry you next Tuesday at the parish church. I will run away with you so far. I will do it without any one's knowledge. I will do it, and thank you, and serve you, and love you, my little Lucy; and make you fall in love with me *after* marriage if you do not *before*. Will that do?"

When I said this I felt all the seriousness of so giving my life into the keeping of such an incomprehensible person as the little beauty by my side; but I had suddenly felt vanquished, and I had determined to run the risk and abide by the consequences; so when I said, "Will that do?" I really felt the greatest anxiety as to her answer, and I gazed into her listening face with all a lover's eagerness.

"But I am vowed to be married in London," she said, drearily; and then she burst forth with such an appealing tone in her voice—"Oh, Captain Mannering! if you have trusted me thus far, could not you take one step more in the same direction, and trust me yet a little farther? I tell you I *must* get out of the life I am leading now. I can no longer endure a state of torture at which you cannot guess. I assure you that nothing would induce me to act in this way if I had not faith in your honor. It is much more for me to do than for you. There are hundreds of men who would like the thing if only done for a freak."

"Perhaps. But I am not one of that sort."

"No. And therefore I ask this great, and very extraordinary favor of you; therefore I cast myself on your honor, and make sure—oh! Captain Mannering, surely I may make sure of your help."

"But there is no occasion for all this romance," I said. "I am willing to marry you." I could not help observing one flash, as if of amusement, pass across her face, so I said—"Yes; I see you are laughing. I am quite sure that with all your attractions—" "Five-and-forty thousand," she said, as grave as a judge. "No, Lucy," and I laughed now. "I was really not thinking of money. You are—" "Oh, yes," she interrupted, "I know all that—'very pretty, and that sort of thing—'"

"Well, I must say that you might well laugh at any man hesitating, and refusing you on your own terms, but—"

"Don't say it," she cried. "I could not bear you to refuse. I have looked on this as emancipation from a burden of grief very hard to bear; and I must have your answer to-day—oh, I must, I must!" And there was a wail in her voice that seemed to wound me. I felt for her very much; yet I said, "I cannot do as you wish. I cannot, Lucy. I think it would be wrong."

"I give you my word most solemnly that I would not ask you to do anything that had even the shadow of wrong upon it."

"Why do you refuse to be taken to that pariah church and married as a gentlewoman should be?"

"I have told you," she said.

"Then why must you be married only in London, and on Tuesday next, and on no other day?"

"I did not say on no other day. It might be on another day. That is the earliest day; and if you could only guess what I suffer you would not wonder at my fixing on the earliest possible day as the best."

"I only ask to do it openly. To go to my friends and yours, and take you in a proper way."

"By which means we should never arrive at any marriage at all." And then once more the tears swelled up and filled those beautiful eyes and flowed in large drops slowly down the face, that seemed to grow haggard with the pain that the girl suffered.

Now, as I looked at her, I felt the fascination of her beauty very powerfully. I am not going to say that I felt in love with a girl I had only seen but for a very few hours of my life, but I *will* say that I felt a strange inclination—a sort of *temptation* to trust her. Of course I admired her. Five minutes have been a sufficient period for the accomplishment of that result. But now I *believed in her*. I suddenly recollected that Mrs. Marmaduke Smith was surely odd enough to have made any unheard-of coil in her life, and unreasonable enough to expect any impossible results from her own mistaken arrangements. I was tempted strongly to trust Lucy, just as she was asking me to trust her, for a few short days, wholly without questions, and in blind obedience. Surely there was so much of the angel about her that I could not be led into wrong! There followed some few moments of perplexity that look as long as hours, as I glance back upon them, now that my troubles have long been over; and in those moments I debated—Shall I?—dare I?—suppose I do? Ah! suppose it done! The supposition brought me back to facts.

I said, 'There is a mystery, Lucy?"

"Yes. But nothing to hurt you."

Then, without thinking, on impulse, I said, "Do you ever hear anything of Charlie Moore?" She turned as white as the lily flowers that were blooming by our side. But she answered with a steady voice—*perfectly* steady; and with a face turned to me honestly, with sincere eyes, looking at me quietly and unabashed; "Captain Mannering," she said, "I think I ought not to talk of Charlie Moore to you."

I watched her countenance; I gazed into her face; I said to myself, "She is as good as gold, I am sure." "Yet," I said, "you expect me to stand by a woman at the altar of whom all I know is, that there was a love-story in the past, and that in the present there is a mystery."

"I will never let any man stand by me to make me his wife, whose knowledge of my past is not as perfect as he can wish it to be—who does not know of the present that it is good, and that it can bear the sunshine like a crystal, clear, and without a flaw."

A more perfect picture of sincerity can scarcely be imagined than Lucy's face presented at that moment. I could not help believing in her.

"And if I do as you ask me to do, am I to take that declaration as part of our bargain?"

"Undoubtedly. *I will promise you* that before we enter the church you shall have no question left to ask—all shall be answered to you."

As we had said these things to each other we had spoken face to face, each watching the other's countenance, each, as I felt, reading the other's thoughts, and calculating the other's sincerity with no little eagerness. Nothing could exceed the perfect guilelessness with which Lucy looked at me. Her untrembling words were all unstudied truth. I was sure of it.

"I shall know everything?" "Everything." "All I like to ask?" "All you will have a right to ask." "Very well," I said, smiling at her correction of my mode of expressing myself—"and if *I* then run away?"

By a great effort she seemed to banish the disturbance of countenance that my words occasioned, and then she answered quickly—"You may go. I will let you go. I will never blame or reproach you. I will never do other than remember in my heart that you trusted me—trusted me, till you heard the whole—till you heard *that* which I *cannot* tell you here." She looked with a touching sort of tender weariness into my face, as if she were really suffering the sickness of hope deferred; but I would not be seduced from my determination to make her see the disagreeable possibilities she was so causelessly inviting; so I went on. "If, when I have heard all, I turn away from you, what shall you do in London, deserted?" "I need not think of that which will never happen. The man to whom I shall tell *all*"—and she looked with a moment's pretty daring into my face—"will marry me." And so saying, she stole her little hand into mine, and I held it captive, knowing then in my heart that I must give her her own way.

Then we heard a bell ring. "That means that breakfast is ready," I said. "Let us go in."

"I think," said Lucy, trembling and turning pale, "that I cannot undergo another trial. Tell me, really, you would not torture me if you knew all—tell me; you will take me away early, secretly, on Tuesday morning. Promise me. I cannot bear a heavier burden than I bear already. Won't you give me one word to rest my tired soul upon? I have made *you* promises—make me one. Say, will you yield to me in this one thing? Life may be long. I shall never ask another such favor of you—never, never!"

"Yes; life is long, as you say. How can I dare?" "You may, you may; you will never repent. Never, never." She looked at me with a face of such tender pleading; I felt infatuated. I said, "I will go—I will go to London on Tuesday. If you are at the station and choose to go in the same carriage, I can't help it."

"That is scarcely enough," she said. "You must go on to the end."

Again there came over me a sort of temptation to let her do with me just as she pleased. "What more can I do, with honor?" I asked.

"You must promise never to desert me: just before the hour for the marriage you will know all—then, if there is anything of which you disapprove, you shall leave me if you please."

"But the plan is so wild."

"No. I have a friend in London, my old governess, Mrs. Brotherton. She is an excellent woman. She will meet us at Paddington. But I must write to her to-day."

Our eyes met. I was vanquished. "Write," I said. "I will be your slave till—"

"Till, '*will thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?*' Is that the term of your bondage? Ah! I think it ceases a few minutes before that. But we will not be particular for a moment; now—remember, *perfect* secrecy."

I repeated the words—"Perfect secrecy." I kissed her pretty hand, and was bold enough to ask if I was to be allowed no more. "No! let there be no secrets to keep," she said, shrinking back. I liked her for her pretty prudence, and felt very true to her in my heart, though rather in disgrace with my judgment.

Pretty Lucy Lorimer walked gravely into the house. She left her red cloak in the hall, and we proceeded to the breakfast-room, and found my mother and sister, and Mrs. Marmaduke already at the table.

"We never wait for lovers," said the lady. "They never think of any one but themselves; and—" Nobody knows what more she would have said. Lucy wisely stopped her with a kiss; and such a smile of triumph did Mrs. Marmaduke then cast in a circular fashion all round the table that we all laughed aloud. Then my dear mother said,

"WE NEVER WAIT FOR LOVERS," SAID THE LADY.

"I beg your pardon, Alfred!" at which Julia cried, "Oh, mamma!" and upset the sugar basin. "Ah, Miss Mannering, your time will come," said Mrs. Marmaduke. "Lucy, my dear, Lizzie says her face-ache is just as bad as ever;" at which Lucy laughed, and helped Julia with the scattered sugar, and said with the most enchanting effrontery, "Oh, Alfred! I wish you would finish and go. I am so ashamed of myself, I can't *speak*!"

The words rang in my ears, "Oh, Alfred!" Very few women had ever called me by my name—*no* woman in such a way, and with such a voice, and smile. It told everything, as it was intended it should do. I got over the feeling as well as I could. I laughed, and talked nonsense." I answered my mother's tender glances with significant nods; I looked bravely at Julia, till she was quite out of countenance. I put my hand confidingly into Mrs. Marmaduke's fair palm as she stretched it forth in recognition of my position across the table, and I rose up from that memorable breakfast an engaged man. Just as I left the room, I heard my mother say to Lucy—"And is it so, my dear one?" and I saw Lucy drop her face on that kind mother's shoulder, and burst into sudden tears. I walked away, not moody, but overpowered by a strange seriousness. What had happened? what was going to happen? I was sporting on the brink of a volcano I knew; but what the result of the coming explosion was to be I did *not* know. Only Lucy knew, little, beautiful, dazzling butterfly—she knew; and I would stand by her to the last, anyhow, and anywhere. Yet I felt a good deal like the hero of a fairy tale; like that Prince, for instance, whose perplexity when he was told to cut off his beloved white cat's head must have nearly equalled my own. But I had promised Lucy to run away with her, and to that promise, whatever threatened and whatever came, I intended to be faithful. So I left the ladies together, and wandered away. It was a wonderful day. I felt, as it were, swept up and carried away in a flitting storm of women's sighed-forth happy hopes, and pelted with blessings which came to me through prophetic smiles, like summer showers when the sun is shining, and the rainbows come and go in the sky. There was a new atmosphere in the house, and it was all got up in honor of Lucy and me. My mother came fluttering—"Oh, my dear boy!" "Not yet, mother; not yet." And I got off laughing, and looking shy and more awkward than if I could have said that all her good thoughts were true. Julia had to be threatened with my eternal adherence to the single state, to make her silent; and to Mrs. Marmaduke I had to say boldly that I did not know whether Lucy and I quite understood each other yet.

I got away till luncheon time, hiding myself in the woods; retreating, as well as the limited area of our property allowed, from the haunts of men. But at luncheon I found my sister, Kate Thornhill, and she had brought a note from Lady Burton, my eldest sister.

"Here, read this from Mary," said Kate; "and I really think her the loveliest little creature—how lucky you are! Why, Alfred! how oddly you look!"

"My dear Kate," I said, with condescending gravity, "what are you talking about?"

"Oh, so like a man! How provoking! And I have driven over seven miles to tell you how glad I am; and so lucky that Mary is with me. You don't deserve to be so happy as long as you have that indescribable perplexed look on your face. Is it so very difficult to believe that you are going to be married?"

"Very, Kate; but I will write Mary a note and tell her everything; and then you can read the note together when you get home."

"Do, there's a darling!" said Kate; and she went off with a pretty scolding look on her face, and left me not knowing which way to turn, or what to do, like a man lost in a mist. But I wrote these words to Lady Burton—

"DEAREST MARY—Thank you. But, please, just at present do not believe anything you hear, and only half you see, in relation to the present and future of your affectionate brother. A. M."

It was a real relief to me when I put Kate into her carriage, and waved my hand to her in a parting adieu. As the day went on the perplexities increased and the difficulties grew greater. I felt my changed position in a hundred different ways. Old Laurence was so awfully respectful; the young girl who waited on Julia tittered aloud in the passage, and hid herself behind a door; the housemaid made a solemn curtsey, between the disadvantages of two great cans of hot water, when I met her in the passage when the dressing-bell rang. I heard old Slade bless me solemnly out of the half-closed storeroom door; and on the dressing-table was a little bouquet of flowers sent me by the sentimental old gardener, all twisted up with shamrock sprays. If I had not been blessed with very high animal spirits; if I had not made a clear conscience by doing all I could to dissuade Lucy that morning—I must have succumbed under the pressure of circumstances, turned coward, literally run away, and given up the little lady who had so bewitched me to her fate. What that fate would then be, or even what at that moment her life was, I did not know, and I could not guess. But I had a general impression that now, not to play the play out would be a sort of giving up of Lucy to the lions; and so I stuck the shamrock, all entwined about an English rose, into my coat, and went down-stair, dimly feeling that old Peter Griffith, the Welsh gardener, had put some proper speech in the language of flowers at my service, and that my buttonhole was the mouth that uttered it.

A sort of desperation had come upon me; a desperation of a playful, wilful, never-care-about-anything kind. Let people believe what they liked to believe, it was no concern of mine. I should go to London, and I should have one of the loveliest girls in the world with me. And then? Then—how should I know? It was the lady's contrivance from first to last; I was no more than her most obedient slave. And so all life, for the time, became like a scene in a play, and I took the part assigned to me, never thinking of consequences.

I thought Mrs. Marmaduke rather silent at dinner; my mother was nervous, and Julia shy. Lucy and I did the dinner-table conversation with ease, and with such success as to make the others talk before long. I flung a leaf of my shamrock to Mrs. Marmaduke, and asked her to observe how perfectly the true Irish sort flourished when transplanted to our English home; and this started her on a long rambling declaration of how she had done her best by the shamrock that I prized so highly; but that it had grown but wild, and become a thought too unruly. "But I was never her mother," said Mrs. Marmaduke, "and I have done my best."

In the evening, Lucy sang. She chose the drollest songs that she could think of, requiring the distinct articulation of torrents of ridiculous words; and we all laughed wildly except Mrs. Marmaduke. She put out her large, soft, white hand once, and laid it on my arm. There was a very uncertain look in her generally saucy eyes: fear and pleading were contending there; and she whispered, as she rose to leave the room—

"Heaven bless you!—but surely you'll always know that I did my best."

I made her a fine speech, and laid my hand on my heart; yet she turned away gravely, and left me wondering at the change.

The next day was Sunday. As we went to church, I felt that every villager gazed at me as though he knew the truth: if so, he felt wiser than I did. As we took our places in our family pew, I knew that Lucy and I were the observed of all observers. The prayers seemed to me to have new and personal meanings; and the psalms and lessons seemed to have special reference to my difficult circumstances. I felt as if I were losing my identity, and becoming somebody else, by the force of being drifted out of my own life, and into Lucy's.

We got home again.

"Alfred, my dear boy," said my mother, with her loving voice in a tremble, "it would be so much pleasanter if you would speak to me about it."

"When I have anything to say, I will say it."

"I suppose I must be contented with that?"

There was a tender touch of reproach in her voice, with which I was anything but pleased.

"It's not my fault!" I exclaimed. Then I kissed her and got away. I met Lucy—

"My dear girl," I began in a hurry, "I can't go through much more of this!—there, don't be frightened; seeing her turn deadly pale; "I am not going to run from my word; only from this house for a little time. I am going to my friend Jerrard. I shall be back again to-morrow afternoon. You must tell them of it. I am going to get off quietly."

"Oh, if you *could* see Mrs. Marmaduke! just for one moment; just to say good-bye!—she is in the breakfast-room!"

"Very well." I was feeling desperate.

"And, oh, Captain Mannering! if you could—if you would——" The paleness was gone now, and Lucy, with her arm in mine, was leading me in Mrs. Marmaduke's direction. "If you could only—oh, if you *could*——"

Her pretty eyes were praying out of their lowest depths of persuasion up into my face.

"My dear, I'll do anything," I said. "In for a penny, in for a pound. I'll do anything between this and Tuesday morning, when we are to do in haste what I hope we may never repent of at leisure."

She stood still in the hall.

"Please don't talk wildly; don't frighten me. Trust me!—trust me!—you will never repent. It shall be my work to make you rejoice all your life for having trusted me now."

She spoke in a sweet, soft, distinct whisper; it was enough to have melted most people's hearts; but I felt vexed and cruelly hard.

"Every man is a fool who blindly allows himself to be victimized by a mystery."

"No; not in this case. *I* am that mystery. You are in no danger of being victimized by me. But, for the love of all goodness, don't frighten me. If I were to think you would fail me, I should lose life or senses; indeed I should."

Her face was again of a deadly paleness, and her lips trembled as she spoke.

"You are in no danger, poor silly child; you are in good hands; thank heaven for that! And now, what am I to do about Mrs. Marmaduke?—be quick, and be serious: I want to go."

There we stood in the hall; and the door of the room where the lady waited was half open and just before us.

"If you could—"

"Could what?"

Lucy dropped her voice to the lowest whisper; her whole face became as red as a rosebud, and she said:

"It is so necessary that she should go on admiring you! If you could—"

"Well?"

"*Kiss her.*"

I made no answer. I left the girl where we had been standing; I walked recklessly into the room, and up to the personage who was to be thus conciliated. I said I should be away until the next day, and I kissed her with, I hope, sufficient *effusion*. She took it quite naturally—indeed, very honestly and tenderly.

"You must be kind to her; she won't give *you* any trouble. Perhaps the trouble that has been mine was partly of my own making. But *I* know all; and she has promised me to tell *you* also."

And then she gave me a very homely, motherly sort of hug, from which I was rather pleased to feel (as I had got so deeply into my difficulties) that I had no extraordinary shrinkings. I hurried away. I only kissed my hand to Lucy in the hall, who stood there still and pale, like a statue, and I was soon mounting my horse at the stable-door, to get a few hours' respite from the pressure of my perplexities in the house of my friend, James Jerrard.

But here in this veracious history I must honestly confess that I did not enjoy my usual immunity from suffering in my friend's house. James Jerrard and I had been schoolfellows; he was four years older than I was, and he had married a pretty woman to everybody's satisfaction. But this time, my eyes having been contemplating the fairy proportions and brilliant graces of Lucy Lorimer, I did not feel that Mrs. Jerrard was in any way fascinating, and my friend himself had grown dull, not to say selfish and egotistical, and the children were troublesome, noisy, and for ever in the way. I got through the evening thinking of Lucy, and with Mrs. Marmaduke's parting words "I know all" ringing in my ears. All through the night in endless inquirings I asked what there was to know, and was handed over to every conceivable absurdity for an answer. I rose up, fiercely longing for the day to be over, that the next day, with its perils and dangers, its events and its mystery, might be entered on and lived through. I bore the indescribable irritation of the morning with all the courage I could summon to the occasion, and then pretended to have business at a place ten miles off, in order to get away at an early hour, and spend as much of the day as I could in open-air musings on what the next twenty-four hours would bring. I got home in time for dinner. I gave orders to get my dog-cart ready to take me to the train that went from the station about half-past seven in the morning; I announced my intention at dinner; I said that the groom was to be at the station to meet the mail-train at night; if I did not return by that train he was to bring the carriage home, and leave me to get back as I could the next day. When I said this I looked at Lucy, and her eyes dilated with a wondering expression, as if she were considering if that would do. She seemed to satisfy herself after a moment, and went on with her dinner without speaking.

In the evening my mother asked for music, and she said to me, "Lizzie Smith also sings very well: she was better last night, and came down."

I said I wished to see Miss Smith, and make her acquaintance.

"She is not equal to a second evening with us," said my mother; "you must wait for that pleasure till after your return."

Again I caught Lucy's eye, and I was not mistaken in believing that she could scarcely disguise her mirth. I looked towards Mrs. Marmaduke; she was strangely grave. Lucy sat down and sang. Then, before we parted, she sang "Angels ever bright and fair" quite magnificently. Mrs. Marmaduke, who certainly had music in her soul, stood up during the latter part of the performance, and made no secret of the tears in her eyes. "Take, oh take me to your care," sang Lucy; and Mrs. Marmaduke said "Amen." It startled us, though we all smiled. Then we bade "Good-night" as usual; but I had in my heart a thought that vexed me. We men of the house of Mannering had never given trouble to our loving, simple-hearted mother, and I knew she would be in terror and grief when the morrow showed that Lucy and I were gone. So I went into my sister's little sitting-room, and waited there till she came. When we were together I said "Julia, I want to see Lucy here alone. Go and tell her to come, and you stay with my mother for ten minutes, while we talk together." She speedily arranged the matter, for in little more than a minute Lucy walked in. She began to speak instantly.

"I am going to the train with Simpson, in a carriage that will come for me from the station. Then I shall send Simpson back. It is all to look like a sudden freak of mine to see my dressmaker; I am going to Mrs. Brotherton; no one will be along; they will only laugh at me sending back Simpson! they will suspect nothing."

I looked at her very gravely.

"Think one moment, Lucy, just for the last time. If you only want to get away, would not Simpson do—do instead of me?"

"Instead of you? Oh, don't, don't fail me!" and she sank on her knees and burst into a passion of tears. "I am not going to fail you; I have promised you." Then I raised her up, and walked with her to the door. She gave one bright glance at me through her tears, and darted away without another word.

I saw no more of her till the next morning at the railway station. There she was, and Simpson put her into the carriage where I was already seated. Then the door was shut, and the girl kissed her hand to the old maid-servant, and we were off.

"There!" I cried. "Have I run away with you or you with me?" But Lucy never spoke. All the merriment of her manner to her maid was gone. She sat there with me, with wide-open, half-afraid looking eyes, not able to utter a word. On, on, and away, and away; by an express train we were going fast to our destiny, whatever it might be, and I dared not talk to the timid, scared-looking creature, whose breath came quick, and whose anxious face was pleading with me for gentle judgment with an eloquence far beyond the power of words.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

TAKE BACK THE HEART.

Take back the heart that thou gavest,
What is my anguish to thee?
Take back the freedom thou cravest,
Leaving the fetters to me.
Take back the vows thou hast spoken,
Fling them aside and be free.
Smile o'er each pitiful token,
Leaving the sorrow for me.
Drink deep of life's fond illusion,
Gaze on the storm cloud and flee
Swiftly though strife and confusion,
Leaving the burden to me.

Then when at last overtaken,
Time flings its fetters o'er thee,
Come, with a trust still unshaken,
Come back a captive to me.
Come back in sadness or sorrow,
Once more my darling to be,
Come as of old, love, to borrow
Glimpses of sunlight from me.
Love shall resume her dominion,
Striving no more to be free,
When on her world-weary pinion,
Flies back my lost love to me.

THE QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MOONSHINE.

It was about four in the morning; the night storm had completely swept the sky, which was of a deep azure; day would speedily appear. General Cardenas, leaning sadly over the battlements of the town wall, was reflecting, while his eye wandered over the plain and the camp of the Mexicans, whose bivouac fires were beginning to die out. A little distance behind him, aides-de-camp and orderly officers carelessly leaning on their sabres were waiting with ill-disguised impatience till their chief thought proper to leave the ramparts and return to the cabildo.

The general, we said, was reflecting. His thoughts were sad and gloomy. Provisions and ammunition, squandered by the officers ordered to serve them out, were running short; the garrison, tired of being shut up within the walls, were beginning to mutter, and would ere long complain loudly. Cohahuila had been so completely invested by the Mexican army that, from the day the siege began, no one had been able to enter or leave the town. The general, consequently, was as much deprived of news as if he were five hundred leagues away from Mexico. The soldiers, accustomed since the beginning of the insurrection to live at the expense of the country people, plunder, and ill-treat them, did not like the confined diet to which they were constrained. Unpleasant rumors circulated among them, although it was impossible to trace them to their source. The officers themselves were discouraged, and desired the end of this state of things, which every day that passed rendered worse. The general, therefore, saw with terror the moment at hand when all would fail him at once, and he would be forced to throw himself on the mercy of enemies whom he had supposed so contemptible, and whom he had taken a delight in exasperating by unlooked-for and objectless cruelty. Hurled thus from his high estate into a bottomless abyss, the general was suffering from one of those cold and concentrated attacks of fury which are the more terrible because they can find no outlet.

All at once the general fancied he could distinguish the shadowy outline of a man, who was approaching the ramparts with the utmost caution. Still this man appeared to care very little about being seen from the town, and only tried to conceal himself from the sentries, who might have noticed him in the camp. Some considerable time elapsed ere this man, who advanced looking back anxiously every moment, arrived within pistol shot of the ramparts. The general rose, and, making an officer a sign to approach, whispered a few words in his ear. The officer went off, and the general returned to his post of observation.

The stranger still advanced, apparently growing bolder the nearer he drew to the ramparts. All at once several men dashed out of a postern gate, and ere the stranger had time to attempt a useless resistance, he was thrown down, bound, and carried into the town by the men who had so cleverly seized him. Still, we are bound to mention that the soldiers experienced no difficulty in dragging their prisoner along; on the contrary, he affected to follow them with the most perfect readiness. The general, while waiting for the prisoner, walked up and down the ramparts; when he was brought up to him, he looked at him for a moment in silence. The stranger was a young man, with an intelligent and sarcastic face, tall and powerfully built.

"Who are you, scamp?" the general asked him roughly, "and how is it that you dare to prowl so near the walls of a besieged town?"

"Hang it all," the stranger replied, in excellent Spanish, though with a marked foreign accent, "I was not prowling round the walls."

"What were you doing, then?"

"I was merely trying to get into the town."

"This is an impudent scoundrel," the general said to himself, "but at least he is frank. And, why, pray, did you want to enter Cohahuila?"

"If you do not mind, general, giving orders that I should be freed from these cords, which annoy me, I shall answer you with greater ease."

"Very good; but I warn you that, at the slightest suspicious movement, I shall have your brains blown out."

"That is your business, general," the stranger replied carelessly.

At a signal from the general the stranger was unfastened; he gave a sigh of relief on feeling himself at liberty.

"There," he said, "now a man can talk."

"Are you disposed to answer me?"

"Ask me a question."

"What is your name?"

"Moonshine."

"A capital name for a night-bird."

"It is mine."

"What are you?"

"Canadian, and woodranger; but, look ye, general—if we go on this way, we shall never come to an end. I prefer coming straight to facts. I have come to offer you a bargain."

"What is it?"

"Oh, oh, general, do not go on too fast; in the first place, how much will you give me?"

"Why, in the first place I must know—"

"The amount—that is true; well, I will tell you,—four hundred ounces."*

"What! four hundred ounces?" the general exclaimed, "you seem to me to be an amusing scoundrel; but take care I do not hang you, in order to teach you not to play the mountebank with me."

"That is the reward for doing people a service," the Canadian said, with a philosophic shrug of his shoulders.

"But, animal," the general continued impatiently, "what service are you doing me?"

"An immense one, general."

"Come, explain yourself."

"I am most anxious to do so, but you will not let me speak."

The general had a knowledge, or fancied he had, of his fellow-men; he remembered his interview with Oliver, and understood that if this man, knowing his reputation, ventured to speak in this way to him he must have very powerful incentives, and feel very sure of impunity; besides, his own serious position made it a bounden duty for him to obtain information by all possible means. He therefore restrained himself, resolved if the Canadian was really laughing at him, to have him hung at once.

"Well, speak, and the plague smother you!" he said to him.

"In that case, general, the matter is this. But pledge me first your word of honor that what I am going to tell you is really as important to you as I fancy, you will at once pay me the sum I ask."

"Very good; but if you deceive me you shall be hung or shot—the choice being left you."

"Very good; it is a bargain. Where is the money?"

"Do you suppose that I carry four hundred ounces about me?"

"Hang it, what is to be done?" the Canadian said, scratching his head.

"Stay," the general said, as he showed him two diamond rings, "these are worth nearly double the sum you ask? Are you satisfied?"

"On your word, now? Well, I will risk it. Well, listen. This night I had sheltered myself as well as I could about three or four leagues from here, for the purpose of camping. Unfortunately for me, the storm came on, and compelled me to seek a safer shelter."

"Cut it short."

"I will, general. The night was so dark, that, not knowing the country, I lost my way, and got into the very centre of the Mexican camp."

"Ah, ah! and I suppose they gave you a warm reception?"

"They gave me no reception at all, general."

"What? did they turn you out?"

"Who turn me out?"

"Hang it, how do I know? The sentries, perhaps."

"Why, general, that is the very point; the camp is deserted; the Mexican army has disappeared."

The general gave a bound of surprise.

"Are you mocking me, scoundrel?" he shouted violently; "are you aware whom you are speaking to when you come to tell me such falsehoods?"

"Hang it, general, it is easy to assure yourself whether I speak the truth, by going to see. However, it appears that the Mexicans were in a hurry to be off, for they left behind them cannon, forage—everything, in a word."

"That is strange," the general muttered, as he fixed on the Canadian a glance that seemed trying to read his very heart's secrets, which the hunter sustained without evincing the slightest confusion, "that is

* About $8,000 of our currency.

strange," he repeated; "and do you not know the cause of this precipitate departure?"

"How should I know it? I am a stranger. Perhaps, though—but no, they cannot know it yet, as I expected to obtain a good reception from them by telling them of it."

The hunter spoke with such simple frankness, his face displayed such candor, that the general had not for a moment a thought of suspecting him; on the contrary, he listened to him with the most earnest attention.

"What more?" he asked eagerly.

"What, do you not know it?"

"It seems not."

"And yet it has caused a regular disturbance. It is reported that General Iturbide has been surprised by the viceroy's troops and taken prisoner, after an obstinate resistance, so that the insurrection is once again subdued."

At this moment an officer, who had gone off with several others to obtain information about the Canadian's statement, ran up breathless.

"General," he said, "what this man has told you is true; the Mexican army has abandoned its camp with such haste that hardly anything has been removed."

"Then," said the hunter, "I have earned my money, general?"

"Yes," he answered, as he handed the Canadian the rings, which he carefully placed in his bosom. "But," he added, as he looked at him fixedly, and laid stress on every word, "as you might, after all, be a traitor and clever spy, you will remain here till we obtain more thorough information. You appear to me to be much sharper than you pretend, and your head shall answer for your sincerity."

"I shall be very glad to remain here," the hunter replied carelessly; "here or elsewhere makes little difference to me. Still I do not quite understand how I can be a traitor, since you recognise the truth of what I have told you."

Moonshine allowed himself to be led away without the slightest emotion, and the general mounted his horse, in order to assure himself of the certainty of the facts announced to him. The camp was most thoroughly deserted, not a man or horse remained in it. Everything testified to the precipitation with which the Mexicans had retired. They had attempted to carry off a few guns and baggage-wagons; but, doubtless discouraged by the difficulties they had to overcome, and probably demoralized by some crushing news, they had left guns and train scattered in all directions. Tumbrils filled with ammunition, arms, stores, even provisions, were thrown about in disorder, as if they had at first intended to remove them, but, pressed by time, had been forced to leave them behind.

The road followed by the Mexican army was perfectly visible, not only by the deep marks on the saturated ground, but also by the utensils of every description, uniforms, and arms scattered on the road. It was no longer a retreat, but a flight. The general tried in vain to seek the clue to this insoluble enigma. The chief of the Mexican army could not have had the idea of laying a trap for him. Everything contradicted this supposition; it was not admissible that an experienced soldier, for the purpose of deceiving his enemy, would consent to abandon to him his guns, ammunition, and even provisions; such a trick would have been most clumsy, since it would provide the Spaniards with all they wanted, as the Mexicans must be perfectly aware.

It was more simple to believe that what the hunter said was true; that General Iturbide had been defeated and made a prisoner by the Spanish troops, and that the Mexicans, terrified by this disastrous news, had been assailed by a panic and disbanded, seeking their safety in flight, as had happened several times already during the course of the war. Still, the general-in-chief, as a prudent and experienced man, would not risk anything till he had heard the opinions of his officers. After giving the requisite orders for a guard to be placed in the camp, he galloped back to the town and summoned a council of war. Moonshine was summoned before the council, and was heard again. The hunter repeated, without the variation of a syllable, what he had already told the general.

This deposition produced a marked effect on the members of the council. Each was of opinion that they must at once start in pursuit of the fugitives, in order not to allow them time to recover from their terror and reassemble. This was the general's opinion too; still, under circumstances of such gravity, he had desired to avoid responsibility, and appear constrained to yield to the wishes of his officers. As generally happens in such cases, the Spaniards passed from a state of the utmost dejection to the greatest braggadocia. The Mexicans, who had so long caused them to tremble, were only scoundrels, unworthy to contend with brave men, and they could be brought to order with the flat of the sabre.

The general, considering it useless to leave a strong garrison in the town, as the enemy had retired, and not wishing, in the case of the Mexicans making a stand, to advance without an imposing force, ordered two regiments of cavalry to mount, each trooper having an infantryman on his crupper, and took two field-guns with him. This small army amounted to about five thousand men, more than sufficient to pursue and destroy demoralized bands, who would probably attempt no defence, and be easily cut up. When all was ready for the start, General Cardenas gave orders to bring up the Canadian, who had first brought him the happy news of the enemy's flight. The latter arrived, accompanied by the officer to whom he had been given in charge. The general smiled on the hunter.

"Listen to me," he said to him, "you appear a man of sense. You will come with us."

"What to do, general?" the hunter answered coldly; "I suppose you do not want me any more?"

"I should like to have you near me."

"In order to blow out my brains, if you think proper to do so, eh?"

"That is possible; but come, notwithstanding."

"That would not be fair, general; I have honestly kept to my bargain. It is not my fault if, instead of quietly remaining here, you think proper to roam about the country at the risk of something happening."

"Then your advice would be that I should remain here?" the general said to him, with a searching glance.

"I have no advice to give you, general; I am neither a soldier nor an officer, and your affairs do not concern me. I tell you my opinion, that is all."

"But you are a woodranger?" he continued, after a moment's reflection.

"Yes, general, and nothing else."

"In that case, you will make a famous scout."

"You want to make a second bargain with me, I think."

"Perhaps so. Do you refuse?"

"I am not at liberty either to accept or decline. You have the power on your side, and I am forced to obey."

"I like to hear you talk in that way. Perhaps you can find the enemy for me?"

The hunter detected the snare.

"Hang it!" he said simply, "as a woodranger I can easily follow a trail. Put me on the traces of the Mexicans, and if they have not run to earth like prairie dogs, or flown away like eagles, there are heavy odds in favor of my bringing you up with them."

The general reflected.

"Listen to me," he said directly after, "I trust to you. If you serve me faithfully, you shall be nobly rewarded; if you deceive me, you will die."

"I do not understand you; I will try to bring you up with the people you are looking for; but I cannot pledge myself to more, as the rest concerns you."

"That is all I ask."

"On these conditions I am your man."

"Come along, then," the general continued; "but," he added, looking fixedly at him, "remember that you risk your head; at the slightest suspicion I will have you strung up without the least hesitation."

The Canadian merely shrugged his shoulders in answer to this threat, smiled craftily, mounted a horse that was brought him, coolly placed himself on the general's right hand, and at the word of command the small corps left the town in good order. So soon as it reached the plain, it proceeded towards the Mexican camp, curiously watched by all the inhabitants of Cohahuila, who had flocked to the ramparts to witness the departure of the Spaniards, and who, in all probability, formed internal vows never to see them again.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE TEOCALI.

Sotavento was completely exhausted by the efforts he had been compelled to make in reaching the islet on which he had so luckily found a refuge. For nearly an hour he lay with his eyes closed and in a half-fainting state. When his strength had gradually returned, when his blood began to circulate more freely and his ideas regained their equilibrium, he thought of the horse, which, in his present situation, became the more precious to him, as the animal alone could save him.

The poor brute had halted a few paces from its master with hanging head and piteous look. The Indian rose, picked up a pebble, went to the horse coaxingly, and began vigorously rubbing all parts of its body, after which operation he dried it with a wisp of grass. The horse perceiving the comfort this produced, whinnied with pleasure as it rubbed its intelligent head against the Indian's shoulder, and then began eagerly browsing the grass which grew profusely in this sequestered spot.

"Come," Sotavento muttered with visible satisfaction, "this poor brute has had a luckier escape than I expected; it has bottom, and will be all right after a few hours' rest."

Certain of finding his steed again when he wanted it, he let it browse in peace, and went off to examine the islet and find out the exact nature of his position, whether good or bad. He could not think of eating, for he was utterly without provisions, but that troubled him very slightly. The Indians, like all nomadic races, are accustomed to endure without complaint, and almost without noticing them, privations which would render an European desperate and incapable of getting out of the scrape. The only weapon the stag possessed was the knife he took from the soldier whom he had scalped; and hence he must display the greatest prudence, and carefully avoid a meeting with either men or wild beasts.

The islet on which he found himself was rather large and completely covered with wood. The Indian walked its entire length; but on reaching the end he uttered a cry of disappointment, for he noticed a *portage*, that is to say, a line of rocks crossed the whole width of the river, and formed an impassable crest of breakers; hence he could not dream of gaining the mainland on that side. Had he been alone he would have probably tried, and by his skill and strength have succeeded in reaching land by leaping from one rock to another; but he would not abandon his horse.

On the American savannahs a man unarmed and without a horse is hopelessly lost. Sotavento was aware of this, hence the thought did not occur to him of going away alone. He had crossed the whole length of the isle, and now resolved to go round it. It was a rough job to be undertaken by a man who had not taken any food for twenty-four hours, and whose strength was exhausted by long moral and physical fatigue; still his salvation depended on his resolution, and he did not hesitate. His search was protracted, and for a lengthy period sterile; he walked slowly along the sand with his eyes fixed on the opposite bank, seeking, without desponding, a spot where his horse could stand and climb the scarp with no excessive difficulty. At last he noticed at about the centre of the isle a place where the water was much clearer than elsewhere; it was a shallow ford, for the sand forming the river bed was visible. He boldly entered the water and walked forward; he was not mistaken; he had really found a wide ford whose depth did not exceed two feet.

This discovery was most lucky; but this was not enough; he must assure himself whether the slope of the opposite bank was not too steep for his horse's hoofs. The Indian continued his march and crossed the river. Then he saw what he had been unable to discover from the isle—a mass of rock projected some distance into the stream and formed an elbow, behind which opened a species of haven, ascending to the top of the cliff by an almost insensible incline. The deeply formed marks in the sand indicated that this was a watering-place to which wild beasts proceeded to drink at night. People say that a slice of luck never comes alone; Sotavento had a proof of this on the present occasion, for the ford and road were on the side of the stream to which he would have to cross in order to join his tribe. Henceforth at his ease, and certain of rejoining his friends, the Stag returned to the isle.

The sun had risen a long time, and the heat was beginning to grow intolerable. The Indian, who was in no hurry, resolved to let the great heat pass and not start till toward evening; moreover, the violent exercise he had taken in seeking a passage had greatly fatigued him, and he needed rest. When he rubbed down his horse, he had unbuckled the girths and removed the saddle, which he threw on the grass without looking at it. On his return, at the moment when he sought a convenient spot for sleeping, his eyes fell accidentally on this saddle, and he noticed an *alforgas*, or a species of double canvas pocket, which every Mexican carries with him when travelling, which he had not observed, for the simple reason that these bags, fastened behind the saddle, were concealed by a blanket and sheepskin, which almost entirely covered them.

The poor soldier whom the Indian had killed carried in these alforgas all his wretched property, flint and steel, and tobacco, precious things for the fugitive; but what caused him greater pleasure still, there was nearly a yard of *tassajo*, meat dried in the sun, as well as a dozen biscuits, and a large lump of goat's cheese. All this was wet though, it is true; but what did the Indian care for this, when he was half dead of hunger.

Instead of sleeping, as he had originally intended, Sotavento spread out all the provisions on the ground to let them dry in the sun, which was effected in less than ten minutes, collected dry leaves, lit a fire, roasted his tassajo, and began eating as Indians eat when they have long gone without food, that is to say, with no thought of the morrow. He devoured all his provisions at one meal; then, his hunger appeased, he filled his pipe, and began smoking with the beatitude and satisfaction of a man whose life has hung by a thread, and who has only been saved by a miracle.

Sotavento thus spent the greater part of the day in a gentle *far niente*, smoking, sleeping, and ruminating plans of vengeance, for he constantly thought of the two hapless prisoners he had left at the teocali, whom he was most anxious to rejoin now that he had escaped such imminent danger. When the sun began to elongate enormously the shadows of the trees, and its oblique beams had lost nearly all their heat, the Indian considered it time to start; horse and rider, well fed and rested, were in a condition to ride a long distance. Sotavento got up, saddled his horse, and leading it by the bridle to save it unnecessary fatigue, waded through the ford; when he reached the other bank, he took a parting glance of gratitude at this isle, which had offered him such pleasant shelter. Then he mounted, and whispering to his horse the word "Santiago," he set out, as if borne on the wings of the wind, in the direction of the desert.

It was not till nine o'clock of the next evening that he reached the ford of the Rio del Norte. He crossed, let his horse breathe for awhile, and henceforth certain that the enemy could not catch him up, he continued his desperate ride across the Savannah. Still, in spite of his diligence the Indian did not reach the teocali until the third evening after his flight. During his absence the number of his comrades had greatly increased. The messenger he had sent to the village after the capture of Dona Emilia had returned, bringing with him all the male and female members of the tribe whom pressing business did not detain at the atepetl. The Indians were curious to witness the punishment of the prisoners. With them it was an act of justice they were about to perform, for the vengeance they had pursued for so many years was on the point of being consummated.

Sotavento's first care, on reaching the teocali, was to inquire after his prisoners; they were still calm and resigned. The chief, in his heart, was vexed at seeing so many warriors assembled; he, however, concealed his dissatisfaction, and, on the contrary, feigned great joy, intending, if circumstances demanded it, to act vigorously; but wishing temporarily to remain neutral, lest he should arouse the suspicious susceptibility of his comrades, and make them distrustful about the plans he was meditating. The Stag knew that, in case of necessity, he could claim the support and assistance of the young warriors of the tribe, and that he would only have to contend with the old sachems, in whose hearts no feeling but that of revenge any longer existed.

The council of the chiefs was assembled at the moment when he arrived, and he at once proceeded to it. The sachems received him with great marks of distinction, and congratulated him on the fortunate result of his expedition; then they informed him of the measures decided on with respect to the prisoners. These were simple and terrible; the two ladies would be fastened to the stake on the next day, tortured for four hours, and then flayed alive and burnt. The Stag did not wince, he listened to these fearful details without manifesting the slightest emotion; but when the president of the council, who was no other than his father, had imparted to him these resolutions, he asked leave to speak, which was granted him. Then, in an artful harangue, perfectly suited to the intellect of the men who surrounded him, the chief adroitly went over all the services he had rendered the tribe; the long exile to which he had been condemned in order to insure the success of his plans; the countless difficulties he had had to overcome not to arouse the suspicion of those whom he was betraying; what trouble and care he had been obliged to take in at length securing the captives. He insinuated that no reward had been offered him, although he had a right to claim one; that, according to the Indian fashion, women become the property of those who carry them off; that, consequently, the prisoners belonged to him, and that he alone had the right to decide their fate; but that, if he claimed this right at the moment, it was not for the sake of thwarting the decision of the council, but, on the contrary, to insure the general vengeance, and render it more exemplary.

The chiefs, who at first listened to this address with marked dissatisfaction, applauded the unexpected finale, and urged the Stag to explain himself. The latter, inwardly satisfied with the effect his remarks produced, only allowed himself to be pressed just long enough to excite the general curiosity more.

"What good is it torturing these two squaws in such a way? Is that the manner in which you would take your revenge? It would be ridiculous, and last but a few hours; and I propose something better. These women are white, rich, and accustomed to all the refinements of luxury which civilization procures; deprive them of all this, not by killing them, but by letting them live in a condition a thousandfold worse than death. However cruel the pale faces may be, they love their children as we love ours. This woman, whom the people of her own color call Dona Emilia, whom we call the Queen of the Savannah, on account of all the wrongs she has dealt to us, adores her daughter. Order this girl to marry a chief of the tribe, and force her mother to consent to this union. Once the wife of a chief, this haughty Spaniard will suffer tortures a hundred times more terrible than those she would endure if fastened to the stake. The mother, witness of her daughter's suffering and unable to calm or mitigate it, will suffer unusual and incessant grief, which will be the more cruel as she can have no hope. Do you not think that such vengeance is preferable to what you proposed?"

The chiefs applauded enthusiastically; Running Water alone shook his head dubiously.

"That race is intractable," he said, "and nothing can tame it; these women will not consent, they will not accept a proposition which must appear to them dishonoring; they will prefer death."

"In that case they shall die!" the Stag shouted, with a ferocious accent.

Running Water rose.

"Yes," he said, "my son, the Stag, has spoken well; these pale faces, these Spaniards, whom the genius of evil sent in his wrath upon our land, hunt us like wild beasts; I myself, a few days ago, only escaped from their clutches through the protection of the Wacondah! Let the mother die, while the daughter becomes the squaw of the man who captured her; in that way our vengeance will be complete."

"Let it be so," the White Crow remarked. "The Stag will communicate to the prisoners the decision of the council."

"I will do so," the chief said. "Give orders to prepare everything for the torture, for, I repeat, they shall die to-morrow if they meet me with a refusal."

The council broke up; the chiefs retired to the tents erected for them by their squaws, and soon fell asleep. The mayor-domo alone did not think of rest; he proceeded at a rapid pace to the spot where the prisoners were. On reaching the wicker-work which formed the door, the Indian hesitated for a moment, but, surmounting the emotion which contracted his brow, he violently opened the door, and walked in. The two ladies were sadly seated by a smouldering fire, with their heads bowed on their chests; at the noise produced by the chief's entrance, they quickly raised their heads, stifling a cry of surprise and terror. The Indian looked at them for a moment with an undefinable expression.

"I frighten you," he said, in a low guttural voice, as he smiled.

"No," Dona Emilia answered, "your presence does not terrify us, it merely excites disgust."

The chief frowned angrily, but checked himself.

"It is dangerous," he said, "to rouse the lion when you are in his power."

"The lion?" she continued, disdainfully; "you mean the coyote. The lion is brave, his character is noble, and he only attacks enemies worthy of his fury."

"Very good, I am a coyote," he continued with perfect calmness, "insult is permissible to persons who are about to die."

"Die?" Dona Diana exclaimed, with an outburst of joy that confounded the Indian. "Oh, thanks, senor; this is the first time you have brought me good news. When are we to die?"

"To-morrow," he replied, in a hollow voice. There was a mournful silence, and then the mayor-domo continued—

"You seem very weary of life?"

"Yes, of such a life as you have made it; I prefer death to remaining longer exposed to the sufferings of every description to which I have been subjected during my captivity."

"You can both live if you like," he said significantly. They shook their heads in denial, but said nothing.

"At liberty," he continued.

"At liberty?" the young lady repeated, her eyes suddenly lighting up with a flash of hope.

Don Emilia gently laid her hand on her shoulder, and addressed the chief—

"Come," she said, "explain yourself frankly; your words must conceal some terrible trap; on what condition are we to live and be free? We must be told these conditions in order to know whether we are able to accept them."

"Can life be bargained for in this way?"

"Yes, where life is to be purchased with dishonor."

"To-morrow you will be fastened to the stake, and tortured for four hours without respite or mercy."

"What next?" Dona Emilia asked haughtily.

"After that," he continued with an ill-omened smile, "you will be flayed alive, and burnt while still quivering."

While uttering these cruel words, the chief fixed a viper glance on his captives. Dona Emilia shrugged her shoulders contemptuously.

"I am waiting for you to tell us the conditions on which you will allow us to live," she went on with a bitter smile. "They must be very horrible, since you, whom nothing checks, hesitate in revealing them to us."

"You know the condition already," he said slowly.

"Repeat it, I have forgotten it," Dona Emilia remarked.

The chief made an effort over himself, and said in a choking voice—

"That your daughter consents to become my wife."

Dona Emilia broke into a loud harsh laugh, and looked at her daughter. The latter drew herself up proudly, walked toward the chief, who was apparently calm, although a terrible tempest raged in his breast, and fixed on him a glance of sovereign contempt.

"Invent the most atrocious tortures," she said to him, "I prefer death to such fearful degradation."

"Well said, my child!" Dona Emilia exclaimed, as she passionately pressed her to her heart.

The chief stamped his foot passionately; he gave the two ladies a glance of implacable hatred and went away, after saying one word of frightful meaning, "To-morrow." So soon as the ladies were alone, they joined hands, knelt and prayed fervently to Him who alone had the power to save them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A rock maple was recently cut near West Concord, N. H., whose circumference, when chopped, was fourteen feet nine inches. It was at least one hundred feet high, and had been tapped for sugaring one hundred and six years.

☞ A showman advertises that among his other curiosities is the celebrated "difference" which has been so often split by bargain-makers. He says he has both halves of it.

How to Retain a Good Face.

A correspondent has some ideas on the importance of mental activity in retaining a good face:—

We were speaking of handsome men the other evening, and I was wondering why K. had so lost the beauty for which five years ago he was so famous. "Oh, it's because he never did anything," said B.; "he never worked, thought, or suffered. You *must have the mind chiselling away at the features*, if you want handsome middle-aged men." Since hearing that remark, I have been on the watch to see if it is generally true—and *it is*. A handsome man who does nothing but eat and drink, grows flabby, and the fine lines of his features are lost; but the hard thinker has an admirable sculptor at work, keeping his fine lines in repair, and constantly going over his face to improve the original design.

☞ A paper published in Chicago, Cook county, Illinois, says: "The Chicago Common Council has indefinitely postponed, by an almost unanimous vote, the ridiculous proposition to change the excellent name of State Street to the borrowed appellation of 'Broadway,' in imitation of an eastern frontier city."

☞ An experienced paper states that turpentine mingled in the paste at the time of papering, is a sure remedy against bugs and insects of all kinds in walls that are papered.

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NESTS OF CONSUMPTION.

By Dr. Henry I. Bowditch.

We know of two families in Massachusetts of whom the following story may be told. Two healthy brothers married two healthy sisters. Both had large families of children. One lived on the old homestead, on the southern slope of one of the numerous beautiful and well-drained hills in that vicinity. The whole house was bathed all day long in sunlight, and consumption did not touch any of the young lives under its roof. The other brother placed his house at a very short distance off, but upon a grassy plain, covered all summer with the rankest verdure. In its front was a large open "common." In the centre of this water oozed up from between the split hoofs of the cows, as they came lowing homeward at evening, and the barefooted boy who was driving them used to shrink from the place, and preferred to make the circuit of its edge rather than to follow the lead of his more quiet comrades. Back of the house was a large level meadow, reaching to the very foundations of the building. Through this meadow sluggishly crept the millstream of the adjacent village. Still further, all three surroundings were enclosed by lofty hills. The life-giving sun rose later and set earlier upon this than upon the other fair homestead. Till late in the forenoon, and long before sunset left the hillside home, damp and chilling emanations arose from the meadow, and day after day enveloped the tender forms of the children that were *trying in vain to grow* up healthily within them. But all effort was useless. Large families were born under both roofs. Not one of the children born in the latter homestead escaped, whereas the other family remained healthy; and when, at the suggestion of a medical friend who knew all the facts we have told, we visited the place for the purpose of thoroughly investigating them, we thought that these two houses were a terribly significant illustration of the existence of this all-powerful law. Yet these two homes had nothing peculiarly noticeable by the passing stranger. They were situated in the same township and within a very short distance one from the other, and scarcely any one in the village with whom we spoke on the subject agreed with us in our opinion that it was location alone, or chiefly that, which gave life or death to the inmates of the two.

We might speak of other homesteads which seem to us now to be the very nests of consumption in consequence of this law, and yet not one parent in a hundred acknowledges even theoretically his belief in the truth of our assertion. Parents themselves, during a long residence, may escape from the dire influences of location; and therefore they imagine, if their children are falling, that some other evil agency is at work, rather than this law.

Illustrative of this error on the part of parents, we cannot forbear relating the following fact. We know of a house situated about a foot above and just on the edge of a small lake. The cellar, if there be one, must be below the level of the water. The house, built with taste, nestles amid overhanging, thickly-leaved trees, through which the sun's rays can scarcely penetrate even at mid-day. The homestead is overhung with the springing woodbine, clematis, and honeysuckle. Coolness, dampness, and little sunlight are the characteristics of the spot. In the midst of summer it is the *beau ideal* of a quiet, refined country house, which any one, even the most fastidious, would desire to occupy. Yet as we have looked at it, and have remembered how one by one the children born in it have been cut off by consumption either at puberty or early manhood or womanhood, we have turned with loathing from all its external beauties, and have regarded them all as so many false and fatal allurements, bringing inevitable ruin to those who should fall within the sphere of their influence.

These tales are no creations of our imagination, but positive and undeniable facts.—*Atlantic Monthly for January.*

☞ The following conversation took place in the barber shop attached to a Washington hotel the other day: First man and brother (reading a newspaper)—"I see dis Mr. Rosschilds, what jes' died, was worth fo' hundred million dollars." Second man and brother (strapping a razor)—"Who?" First m. and b.—"Mr. Rosschilds." Second do.—"How much was he worf, did you say?" First—"Fo' hundred million dollars." Second—"Goshamighty? *He* mus' a had a good district!" First—"Good district! What you mean?" Second—"I mean good district; dat's what I mean. I s'pose he was a whiskey 'spector; else how could he make so much money?"

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market continues dull. About 7500 bbls sold at $5,25@5,75 for superfine; $6@6,75 for extras; @7,25@8 for Northwestern extra family; $8,75@10,50 for Penna and Ohio do, and $11@13 for fancy brands, according to quality.

GRAIN—There is very little demand for Wheat. About 25,000 bus of red sold at $1,80@1,90 for common to fair; $2@2,02 for good to prime; $2,08@2,10 for Western and Southern amber; $2,25@2,50 for white, according to quality, and 1500 bus of choice No. 1 spring at $1,80. Rye—2000 bus of Western and Penna sold at $1,00. Corn—27,000 bus new yellow sold at 80@82c, as to condition; 2000 bus new white at 85@87c; 6000 bus kiln dried Western at 93c, and 4000 bus of old yellow at $1,10. Oats—Sales comprise about 40,000 bus at 70@71c for Western and Penna.

PROVISIONS—There is very little doing. Sales of 400 bbls Mess Pork at $27@28. Mess Beef sells at $22@22,50 for city packed. Dressed Hogs sell at $11,50. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 15@18c; Excelsior Hams at 19c; Sides at 17@18c; shoulders at 13@13½c. Green Meats—Sales of Pickled Hams at 15@15½c; and shoulders at 11½@11¾c. Lard—Sales of 700 bbls and tcs Western at 17@17¼c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 30@32c, and prime Western and Pennsylvania at 40@50c. Cheese—Sales of prime factory at 20@21c.

COTTON—About 900 bales of Middlings sold at 25@26c for Uplands, and 26@26½c for New Orleans.

BARK—Sales No 1 Quercitron at $43 ₱ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales of yellow at 41c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples are selling at $4@5 ₱ bbl. Dried Fruit—Sales of Apples at 6½@14c, Peaches at 15@17c for halves, 10@10½c for quarters, and 14@20c ₱ lb for pared.

IRON—In Pig Metal there is no material change. Sales of No. 1 Anthracite at $41@42, and No. 2 at $38@40. Scotch Pig sells at $42,50@43 ₱ ton, and Forge at $35@35,50 ₱ ton. Manufactured iron commands $97,50 ₱ ton for Bars.

SEEDS—650 bus Clover seed sold at $8@8,35, according to quality. Timothy we quote at $2,75@3. Flaxseed is selling at $2,60 ₱ bus.

TALLOW—Sales city rendered at 11¼@12c ₱ lb.

WOOL—The market continues quiet. Small sales are reported at 52c for extra; 53½c for fine; 51c for one-half blood; 50c for one-quarter blood; 46@47c for common; 80@81c for tub; 35@36c for unwashed, and 40c for pulled, as to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1100 head. The prices realized from 10@10¼ cts ₱ lb. 150 Cows brought from $40 to 65 ₱ head. Sheep—6000 head were disposed of at from 4½@6½c ₱ lb. 4000 Hogs sold at from $13,50 to 14,50 ₱ 100 lbs.

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Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.
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☞ Payment is required in advance.

Sea-Sickness.

A late number of The Medical Gazette (Nov. 7th) contains an article upon the above subject, from which we subjoin a few extracts:—

"Those liable to be sick should make a hearty meal not more than two or three hours before going on board. They should select a spot as near as possible to the centre of the vessel, and lie down before she gets under way. The horizontal position should be rigidly kept during the whole passage."

"Eat as hearty a meal as possible before going on board."

"Eat regularly and heartily, but without raising the head, for at least one or two days. In this way the habit of digestion is kept up, and the strength is preserved, while the system becomes accustomed to the constant change of equilibrium."

"On the first night out, take some mild laxative pills, as for example, two or three of the compound rhubarb pills."

"Never think of rising until you have eaten something, as a plate of oat-meal porridge, or a cup of coffee or tea, with sea-biscuit or toast."

Then the secret of averting sea-sickness consists in stuffing the stomach, taking pills, breathing the close and impure air of the state-room or berth, and rigidly confining one's self to "the horizontal position," so as to avoid taking the least bit of exercise. This seems to be the idea of the writer of the above. I wonder if he ever tried it? Instead of being a good way to prevent sea-sickness, it is a capital way to produce it. One need only, in addition to the above plan, to drink freely of ale, beer, champagne, etc., and smoke cigars, to be almost certain of enjoying its delights. Then, again, how exceedingly comforting it must be for a person who is about to cross the ocean for pleasure, for health, or on business, to be told at the outset that in order to escape being sick "The horizontal position should be rigidly kept during the whole passage." It is emphatically a new discovery that "digestion is kept up" and "the strength is preserved" by "rigidity" keeping "the horizontal position." It is a well-understood physiological fact that exercise is necessary to gain and retain strength, and that it is also essential to good digestion. What can medical men and medical journals be thinking of to write and publish such advice to the people?

The most important points to be observed to prevent sea-sickness, are:

1st. Avoid the use of spirituous liquors, both before and during the voyage. I regard liquor-drinking as the leading predisposing cause of sea-sickness.

2d. Live plainly and temperately before embarking, so that the stomach shall be in good condition, and the bowels free from obstruction.

3d. Avoid getting excited or fatigued, either before or after going on board.

4th. Live very simply and even abstemiously during the first few days, and plainly and simply during the entire voyage, avoiding all soups, gravies, fat meats, rich puddings, pastries, and the like, and drinking nothing but water. Instead of eating five regular meals a day and about as many more irregular ones, as is the fashion, never eat but three times, and better still, if but twice a day, and if you feel the least unpleasant sensation about the head or stomach, eat nothing at all until you recover.

5th. Be upon deck, in the pure air and sunshine, as much as possible, and when obliged to be below, secure the best ventilation you can.

6th. Take a liberal amount of exercise each day, always avoiding undue fatigue or excitement. Walking on shipboard is an excellent exercise—much better than on land—and a form of exercise which every one can take.

7th. Bathe often enough to keep the skin clean and the pores open.

The foregoing rules, if faithfully carried out, will be almost certain to prevent sea-sickness in nearly every instance. They are the result not alone of *theorizing*, but of *practising*, and *observation*. I should be pleased to learn the experience and views of my sea-going readers.—*Herald of Health.*

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☞ The word D-E-B-T, is composed of the initials of "Dun Every Body Twice." C-R-E-D-I-T is formed of the initial letters of "Call Regularly Every Day—I'll Trust."

☞ Iowa is an Indian word—pronounced by the Indians E O Wah, with the accent on the last syllable. It means "Always Home."

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1869.

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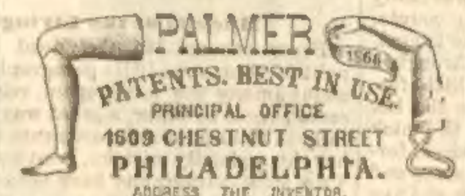
Dr. J. A. Sherman, Artistic Surgeon, respectfully notifies his patients, and the large number of afflicted persons who have called at his office during his absence, anxious to receive the aid of his experience, that he has returned from his professional visit to Havana, and will be prepared to receive them at his office, No. 697 Broadway.

Dr. Sherman's Inventions are the only established, secure, and comfortable radical curatives for Hernia, or Rupture, in all its varied forms and stages, in persons of every age, without regard to the duration of the disease.

Dr. Sherman is the founder of the "Marado Grande," Havana, Cuba, established several years since for the treatment, by his method, of this most terrible of all human afflictions, where, from the good result of his personal attention, the afflicted, rather than trust themselves to the care of his pupils, await his periodical visits.

Descriptive circulars, with photographic likenesses of cases cured, and other particulars, mailed on receipt of two postage stamps. je12-3y



DR. B. FRANK. PALMER, Pres't A.A.Limb C't

These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

Dr. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All Genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information *for persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

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Berkshire Life Insurance Co.,
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Offers greater advantages to Policy-holders than any company in this country.

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One annual payment will continue the policy in force two years and three days.
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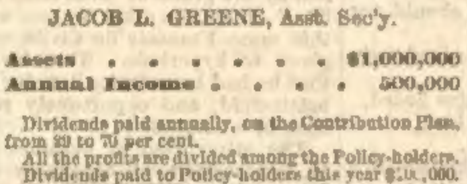
☞ AGENTS WANTED.



A sample of Prof. ROBB'S CURLIQUE will be sent free to any address. The Curlique will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful, flowing curls.
Address, with stamp, Prof. E. H. ROBB, Parkman, Ohio. jan2-3m

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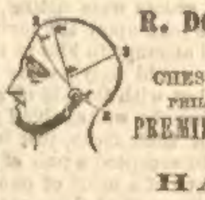

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CHESTNUT ST.,
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PREMIER ARTISTE
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Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-cowly

LICENSED WHOLESALE DEALERS
BY THE
UNITED STATES.

EASTMAN & KENDALL'S
ONE-PRICE SALE.

ESTABLISHED 1864.

It is now a well established fact that no other method brings the MANUFACTURER and CONSUMER so NEAR EACH OTHER as our unrivalled and popular club system of selling all kinds of

DRY AND FANCY GOODS, COTTONS, CUTLERY, DOMESTIC GOODS, &c., &c.,

which we are selling at an average price of **One Dollar for each article.**

The smallest article on our check can be exchanged for a White Bed Quilt, or a revolving Silver-plated Table Castor.

Christmas and New Years is the time to send in your clubs.

THE LADIES

are specially invited to send us a trial club.

To parties sending in clubs of from 10 to 1000, we offer better inducements and larger commissions than any other house. Parties now acting as agents for other houses will observe that we offer as commission for a

Club of 30—21 yards *best* Cotton Sheeting.
Club of 50—42 yards *best* Cotton Sheeting.
Club of 100—65 yards *best* Cotton Sheeting, and an equal amount of commission when paid in other goods.

Send for our new Circular and Mammoth Exchange List before sending your club to any other house.

Our club system of selling is as follows: For $2 we send 20 checks describing 20 different articles to be sold for a dollar each. 30 for $3; 50 for $5; 100 for $10, &c. Sent by mail. Male and female agents wanted. **Send money in Registered Letters.** Send us a trial club and you will acknowledge that you cannot afford to buy goods of any other house thereafter.

N. B. Our sale should NOT be classed with dollar jewelry sales and gift enterprises.

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oct17-2m

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GREAT ONE DOLLAR SALE.

DRY and FANCY GOODS, SILKS, WOOLENS, COTTONS, CARPETINGS, BOOTS and SHOES, SILVER-PLATED WARE, WATCHES, SEWING MACHINES, CUTLERY, &c., &c.

To be sold at the average price of **$1 Each.**

Our commissions for clubs exceed those of other establishments, and our goods are warranted to give satisfaction. Clubs of Ten and upwards receive articles valued at from $2 to $100. New Circular and full particulars sent free. N. B. CLOUDMAN & CO., 40 Hanover St., Boston, Mass. nov28-3m

THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.—Just the Paper for the Family. It contains hints for housekeepers, choice literature, fashion, etiquette and fancy work, an illustrated floral and children's department. Terms, one copy, one year, $1.50. Splendid premiums to agents. Specimen numbers *free*. Mrs. M. M. B. GOODWIN, Indianapolis, Ind. jan2-2t

$60 PER MONTH and large commissions paid to sell *Wonder of the World* and three other discoveries. Address J. C. TILTON, Pittsburg, Pa. dec19-4t

GENUINE FALSE MOUSTACHES that cannot be told from natural ones; on wire 50 cents; on lace 75 cents; extra fine $1; Imperials 50 cents; full beard $2.50; all colors. Address BLACKIE & CO., 744 Broadway, New York. dec12-3m

WIT AND HUMOR.

An Editor's Bed.

In a certain village the editor of a local newspaper had a room at the hotel. Being absent one night, and the house being crowded, the landlord put a stranger in his bed. The next morning the following lines were found in the room:—

I slept in an editor's bed last night,
And others may say what they please;
I say there's one editor in the world
That certainly takes his ease.

When I thought of my humble cot, away,
I could not suppress a sigh,
But thought, as I rolled in the feathery nest,
How easily editors lie.

The editor, after some inquiries of the landlord, made the following addition:—

The chap whose *form* has rested here,
And left his *copy* behind,
For a bad *impression* should be *locked up*,
As the *cut* is most unkind.

Behold a *proof of how he lies;*
In the morning he went away,
And like many that use an editor's *sheet*,
Has forgotten the bill to pay.

The Intercepted Kiss.

When Parson G——, of this city, married his present amiable wife, says the Indianapolis Mirror, they, in company with Mr. M—— and his wife, started off on a bridal tour to Cincinnati. On approaching near the tunnel on the way, Mrs. M—— inquired how long it was. Mrs. G—— laughingly replied "Just long enough for me to kiss my husband." Very soon after, the train glided into the darkness of the tunnel, when Mrs. M——, who was sitting in the seat just at the back of that in which the bride and groom were sitting, was ready to play a little joke upon the loving couple, if they should attempt to kiss in the tunnel. Mrs. M—— could only see as through a glass darkly, but with the aid of a little fortunate guessing she was enabled to slip her hand between their faces, just in the nick of time, and intercepted a pair of kisses fervent as the love of a bride of one score and ten and a bridegroom of three score and five could get them up. There's many a "slip as twixt cup and lip." So in this case, the course of true love never did run smooth. Mrs. M——'s hand caught both kisses, and she lifted up her voice and laughed—how could she help it? When the train emerged from darkness into broad daylight, there sat the loving couple, rendered doubly attractive by the deep and burning blushes which testified that they had at least attempted a kiss in the dark.

Anecdote of the Telegraph.

There was a man who lived in Cass County, Georgia, many years ago, who had once been in the State Legislature, and never neglected an opportunity to emphasize the fact. He was a perfect infidel as to new discoveries and the new sciences, being perfectly satisfied that if the world should turn over, all the water would spill out of his well; and only giving in to steam cars by slow degrees. But all the vials of his contempt were poured out upon the idea of a telegraph, and he was wont to say that nobody need try to come "the green" over him in that way, for he had been in the Legislature. Finally, the state road was built; and one day workmen began to put up telegraph posts right in front of his house, and to stretch the wire. His exultant neighbors thought they had him on that occasion, and asked: "Well, old fellow! what do you think of telegraphs now?" He was cornered, but died game. Drawing himself up an inch taller, he said: "Gentlemen, when I was in the Legislature, I gave this subject my very attentive consideration. And I said then, as I say now, that it may do for letters and small bundles, but it *never will* take a cotton bale, *never!*"

The Hog.

O, much abused and much despised beast!
Men slight thee most who know thy merits least;
Who would make *light* of thee should *try* thee first,
Then with thy praise they'll inter-*lard* their verse.
Without thy presence at the festive board,
Tickling the palate of creation's lord,
In bake, or fry, or even in a stew,
Pray what could we or our good housewife's do?
Sore grief would seize on many a bosom stout,
If by some chance the hog should once "step out;"
And life become, 'mid all its varying scenes,
Like Sunday morning without *pork and beans!*

On beef and mutton Englishmen expand,
But pork's the crowning glory of our land—
Pigs are true patriots—in the Buckeye State
They die to make the Cincinnati great.
Pork to the Jew is every way unclean,
Howe'er prepared, with or without his bean.
Though Paul felt free from Moses here to swerve,
The Jew still deems it binding to observe;
We go with Paul—as every one supposes—
As for the *Jews*—why, he may go to *Moses!*
—*T. C. Milne.*

A LOOK AHEAD.—The Somerset Reporter says: Not long since a fellow sauntered into our office after all the hands except ourselves had gone to dinner. After standing about a minute taking a view of the situation, he asked: "Do you make weddin' cards here?" He was informed that such was the fact. He would then like to see some and know the prices. After showing him what he desired, he said: "I'll want some soon, but I haint been to see the gal yit." We thought we had been sold, but a glance at the fellow was enough to satisfy us that he was entirely innocent and thoroughly in earnest. The fact that the fellow has not returned may be taken for proof that the "gal" was not "on the marry."

DILUTED.—A friend relates the following "goak:" A party of men were surveying for a railroad, and of course they are entitled to the best there is along the line. At one house they thought the proprietor was a little tardy in producing the cider. It came at last, and was tasted by one of the party with great deliberation. "How much cider did you make this year?" he asked "Fifteen barrels," was the answer. Another sip. "Well, if you had another apple, you might have made another barrel."

A GOOD REASON.

DOMINIE.—"Why are you ill-using Thompson, Jones?"
JONES.—"'Cos he was cheeky, sir—called me names, sir—he said I was a migg, sir!"
DOMINIE.—"And, pray what is a migg?"
JONES.—"Well, sir!—I—I don't know, sir; but I thought I'd just kick him for it!"

Burials of the Living.

Every autumn—in the dead season of politics—one sees little paragraphs floating about among the newspapers, relating how some person or other, a great way off, generally in the remoter departments of France, has, by a ghastly mistake, been buried alive. Two such paragraphs have been going the rounds lately; and as announcements of the kind serve only to add fear to the distress of many of those whose homes may have been visited by death—and every day of our lives there are twelve hundred homes so visited in England and Wales alone—it may be as well to state, once for all, that there is not a single authentic instance of living burial upon record.

This may seem a bold averment; but to prove it we have only to turn to the pages of a French physician of note, one M. Fontenelle, who, thoroughly believing that burials of the living were frequent, got together all the cases that were to be found bearing upon the subject. His belief is based upon two kinds of evidence—first, upon the mere statement that this person or that had been buried alive; secondly, upon the appearance of certain corpses exhumed some short time after interment.

Of the first class of cases it is almost sufficient to say that M. Fontenelle never met with one in his own experience, nor ever heard of one from the lips of a person who could vouch for it of his own knowledge. He re-tells the old nursery story of the lady who was buried in a trance with all her jewelry about her, and brought to life again by a rascally servant, who cut off her finger to steal her rings; and he looks upon the fact that such a story is current in every country in Europe as conclusive evidence that the occurrence actually took place. But if evidence of this kind is to be accepted, we have a right to conclude that country gentlemen living in remote districts are in the habit of marrying and murdering wives after the manner of Bluebeard. M. Fontenelle also relates another case so much like that of Romeo and Juliet, that it is not difficult to see that the one romance was parent to the other. His strongest case, however, is that of Francois de Civile, an eccentric soldier of the sixteenth century, who instructed his executors to inscribe upon his tomb, "Thrice dead, thrice buried, and by the grace of God, thrice restored to life." But from other sources we learn that this same Francois de Civile was a person given to hyperbole. What he meant was that he had been thrice left for dead on the battle-field, and opportunely rescued each time by a comrade!

The other kind of evidence upon which M. Fontenelle bases his theory—the appearance of certain bodies after death—is not a whit more trustworthy. Sounds have been heard from the grave, he says, and on the corpse being exhumed it has been found to be much disordered and even lacerated—"a clear indication," M. Fontenelle adds, "of the dread but ineffectual struggle of the patient to escape from his living tomb." Now, it is no doubt the fact that the bodies of the dead have been found distorted and even rent. There are cases on record, too, in which the corpse has been found actually turned in the coffin. But in these cases, what M. Fontenelle attributes to life is due to corruption. It is well known that decomposition generates powerful gases, and that it is in the nature of these gases to twist and contort and rend whatever substance may oppose their exit—even to the occasional bursting of the coffin. And, if the subject were of a nature that would permit one to pursue it into detail, instances might be given in which every appearance and every sound mentioned by M. Fontenelle as a proof of vitality, might be far more scientifically used as direct evidence to the contrary.

There is no need, however, to follow the French physician further. There are three signs of death which are certain—cessation of breathing, stoppage of the action of the heart, transition from suppleness to rigidity in the whole body. If there could be any error in judgment about the first two signs—which, where ordinary observation is exercised, is impossible—there could be none whatever about the third. The cold starkness of death is unmistakable; there is nothing in life which bears the faintest resemblance to it. And as that starkness sets in within a period of six hours after dissolution, every intelligent person, however unscientific, has the means of assuring himself that the body he is about to consign mournfully to its last resting-place is hopelessly past resuscitation.

☞ There is, in Paris, a sect of socialists who pretend that equality is damaged by genius and beauty. A Shakspeare and a Newton should be beheaded, and a Cleopatra and a Lais veiled.

Simples.

There are simple drugs and simple brains, the latter having the majority. "It can do no harm, if it does no good," is a simpleton's speech about a "simple remedy." Let us see if this will bear investigation.

One of the sweetest "seventeens" we know of, in driving a nail on which to hang a canary cage, hit her finger instead of the nail—a thing not unfrequently done. In fact, a multitude, which no man can number, fail to hit the nail on the head, as to the great object of life! In a few moments, she began to practice a piece of piano music, which added to the injury, and in the course of the evening, the finger became painful. A friend advised her to poultice it with the white of an egg, which, in its place, is a very mild article. Why! a dozen might be taken into the mouth and passed along, even to advantage, if a man was hungry. She retired, but spent a night of agony; the whole house was in commotion, and the next day we were called on to prescribe for a felon, the safest treatment for which, if early, is to drive a lancet to the bone, and scrape upon it, so as to be sure of having gone deep enough. But to treat the pretty finger of a pretty patient in that way, was not to be thought of, until the last resort. Upon cross-examination, as necessary in physic as in law, all the above facts were ferreted out, when we concluded that there was nothing the matter but fright and the white of an egg. Thus: it had dried over the skin of the finger-end and become as impervious to the exhalation of that heat and moisture which pass out of the system unceasingly, as if it had been hermetically sealed with an encasing of brass. The result was, the heat and fluids accumulated, the parts became dry and hot and hard, and the pain became as unendurable as a pirate's thumb-screw.

MORAL.—"Simples" are only simple when in their proper place; and the familiar quotation, "*It can do no harm* if it does no good," is, in medicine at least, a dangerous untruth.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Domestic Life.

The bane of domestic life are littleness, falsity, vulgarity, harshness, scolding, vociferation, an incessant issuing of superfluous prohibitions and orders, which are regarded as impertinent interferences with the general liberty and repose, and are provocative of rankling or exploding resentments. The blessed antidotes that sweeten and enrich domestic life are refinement, high aims, great interests, soft voices, quiet and gentle manners, magnanimous tempers, forbearance from all unnecessary commands or dictation, and generous allowances of mutual freedom. Love makes obedience lighter than liberty. Man wears a noble allegiance, not as a collar, but as a garland. The Graces are never so lovely as when seen waiting on the Virtues; and, where they thus dwell together, they make a heavenly home.—*Alger's "Friendships of Women."*

☞ FURS.—In purchasing furs, a sure test of what dealers call a "prime" fur is the length and density of the down next the skin; this can be readily determined by blowing a brisk current of air from the mouth "against the set of the fur." If the fibres open readily, exposing the skin to the view, reject the article; but if the down is so dense that the breath cannot penetrate it, or at most shows but a small portion of the skin, the article may be accepted.

☞ At a certain church fair, held during the winter, a set of Cooper's works was promised to the individual who should answer a certain set of conundrums. A dashing young fellow was pronounced the winner, and received a set of *wooden pails.*

☞ The seed of the big trees of California is a mere speck. It would take a dozen of them to weigh down an apple seed.

AGRICULTURAL.

Doctoring Sick Animals.

The following sensible advice on this subject is from the Illustrated Annual Register, for 1869, published by Luther Tucker & Son, Albany, N. Y.:

A fine horse, belonging to the writer, once caught a bad cold, and was afflicted with an obstinate and severe cough—that he could sometimes be heard half a mile. The neighbors were liberal with prescriptions; and ashes, blue vitriol, copperas, castor oil, turpentine, Glauber's salts, &c., were recommended in large quantities. The owner concluded that all these, if taken, would be quite enough to kill the animal, and it was therefore decided to give him nothing, and take good care of him. In other words, Dr. Physic was dismissed, and Dr. Nurse called in. It was early in autumn; and a good clover lot furnished all the food, which, being of this succulent character, served somewhat as an expectorant. Special directions were given never to work the horse enough to cause sweating, and to blanket him carefully after working, or whenever the weather was cold. In short, everything was done to prevent any further catching cold, and to keep him at all times comfortable—giving very moderate labor. In six weeks he was perfectly well. Dr. Nurse proved his skill and efficiency in this case. If the animal had been dosed, worked hard, and treated carelessly, it is not probable that he would have recovered.

In another instance, a horse by hard usage had a bad attack of sweeney. A "horse-doctor" (so called) offered to cure him for $20, by some cutting and slashing process. The offer was declined. He finally reduced his proposed charge to only $3. Had he offered $30 for the privilege of experimenting on the animal, the offer would have been as promptly refused. A new Dutch collar was procured, and only moderate labor permitted. In a year the sweeney had nearly or entirely disappeared.

When animals are violently and suddenly attacked, it may be best to administer powerful medicines; but they will rarely if ever be thus attacked unless through hard usage. In chronic cases take good care and attend to general comfort, and nature will in time effect a cure. Be very careful to avoid those pretenders known commonly as *horse doctors.*

There is one simple remedy which may be at all times used with safety. This is fresh pulverized charcoal. It can never do any harm, and nothing restores sooner any derangement of the digestive system. Take red burning coals from any wood fire, pulverize them at once in a mortar, and the powder will be ready for use. Mix a teacupful of this powder with a junk bottle of cold water, and pour it down. Horses, cattle, and other animals, which may have been injured by over-eating, or by swallowing bad food, may be readily cured by this remedy.

There is another very safe remedy for all diseases which affect the skin, or begin on the outside, such as scratches in horses and foul foot in cattle. This remedy is *Cleanliness.* Use cold water, or tepid water, according to circumstances, adding soap if necessary. It will have an excellent effect.

Preventives are better than cures; therefore keep all animals in dry, clean pastures, or in dry, well-littered, well-ventilated stables. Never over-work or over-feed. Attend to general comfort in all particulars—protect from cold—feed regularly, and never make sudden changes of food, and you will very rarely have a sick animal.

The New Mode of Curing Hay.

We received a very pleasant call, one day last week, (says the Maine Farmer) from Frederick V. Stewart, Esq., of Farmington, an enthusiastic amateur farmer, and widely known as a prominent stage proprietor, whose knowledge of the value of hay and other feeding stuff for horses is derived from a close observation and experience of many years. Mr. Stewart detailed to us in an interesting manner, his method of curing hay by putting it into the barn very soon after being cut, as has been recommended by some and denounced by others who have tried the method; but which he is satisfied is the true mode of curing hay, and if done as he recommends he says failure is impossible.

His plan is to commence cutting the grass when in the second blossom. If cut before this it is not hay, but is too full of the natural juices of the rank growing grass to cure perfectly by this method. At the time it is in the second blossom it contains all the nutriment, and this period is usually from the tenth to the fifteenth of July. He begins mowing in the morning with the machine after the dew is completely off, and about one o'clock commences to rake and haul in, beginning at the outer edge of the piece and following round in the exact course of the machine, and getting all in before the dew has commenced to fall. This is mowed away in the barn, and the next day the same course is followed, putting it upon the same mow until the bank is full. As it takes about twenty-four hours for fermentation to take place, the hay put on from day to to day receives no injury from this cause. At the top the mow straw or old hay to the depth of a foot and a half is put on. This absorbs the moisture given off by the heating process, leaving the hay bright and sweet, and of such a delicate flavor that stock will prefer it to any late cut hay, however well cured in the open air. Mr. Stewart has never known a case where this plan was closely followed to result in failure, and if failure does result it is from the fact of there being dew in the grass when cut, or of its being cut at too early a stage in the growth of the grass.

RECEIPTS.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—To every three bushels of buckwheat, add one of good heavy oats; grind them together as if there was only buckwheat; thus will you have cakes always light and always brown, to say nothing of the greater digestibility and the lightening of spirits, which are equally certain.

BEEFSTEAK DUMPLING.—Choose a juicy piece of beef, without much fat, and cut it into neat slices about half an inch thick, sprinkle some salt and pepper over them, place a small lump of butter on each, roll them up tight, and flour them a little. Line a basin with plain suet paste, fill it with the rolls of beef, add a few mushrooms and a little catchup; cover up the meat with the paste, tie up the basin in a floured cloth, and boil it three hours.

OYSTER SOUP.—Slice some onions, fry them a light brown in a quarter of a pound of butter, then put them on the fire to stew in some stock, as much as required for your soup. About half an hour is sufficient before you serve, add two or three dozen of oysters, with their liquor strained. Thicken with the yolks of six eggs, and season it with white pepper, mace and salt; it must not boil after the eggs are put in, but thicken like custard. Any kind of good broth or stock makes the foundation. Some add to this, before the eggs are put in, a glass of white wine.

SUGAR CANDY.—Six cups of sugar, one cup of vinegar, half a cup of water. Boil about half an hour *without stirring.* Try a little in cold water, and add any essence you choose when done. *Stirring turns it back to sugar.* Pull it until white, and cut in sticks.

THE RIDDLER.

Geographical Enigma.

I am composed of 37 letters.
My 4, 12, 2, 10, 19, is a group of islands in the Pacific.
My 21, 14, 17, 9, 5, 12, is an island in Malaysia.
My 34, 3, 21, 18, 22, 8, 28, is a country in Africa.
My 27, 1, 21, 33, 35, is also a country in Africa.
My 26, 20, 6, 31, 25, is a country in Asia.
My 16, 32, 19, 36, 25, 37, 28, is a city in Spain.
My 15, 34, 31, 9, 20, is a river in Georgia.
My 11, 33, 27, 13, 19, 32, 7, is a country in Europe.
My 30, 5, 32, 16, is a lake in Ireland.
My 24, 23, 5, 27, 4, is a town in Austria.
My whole is a great and powerful nation.

FRANK EDMONDSON.
Oak Point, Iowa.

Metagram.

Though only four feet form me, still I stand
In lofty beauty in the forest grand.
Changing my first, I will a number tell,
Of mystic sisters, owning each a spell.
Alter my second and Virginia takes
The palm for that which she for breakfast bakes.
Erase my third and give another place,
I swim the waters and the table grace.
Then change my last, within the garden fair
I glow and shed sweet fragrance on the air.
Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Interest Question.

The following "Interest Question," together with its annexed answer, was sent in from the state of Ohio to a gentleman in this place, with the remark that there were but few arithmeticians in Pennsylvania able to calculate it truly, and was thus handed to me; but likewise not being able to agree with its annexed answer, I thought it best to send it on to THE POST, for others to try their skill on it:

"INTEREST QUESTION.—A note or bond given on the 4th of June, 1818, for $699, at 6 per cent. per annum. The payments thereon endorsed are:

"On July 9th, 1819, paid $76. On November 27th, 1820, paid $147. On January 17th, 1821, paid $4. On January 30th, 1822, paid $400. What is due on May 30th, 1822? Answer, $216.31.3 mills."

The request on the above is that a number of arithmeticians may send in to THE POST, to be published therein, their respective found answers to the above question, to see how *many* of them, or how *near* all of them, will agree with the said annexed answer.

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.
Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

Mathematical Problem.

Supposing the boiling point of pure fresh water to be 212 degrees Fahrenheit at the level of the ocean where the mercury in the barometer stands at 30 inches, at what point will it boil where the barometer indicates 25 inches? ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

There are three numbers in harmonical proportion, the difference of whose differences is 2, and four times the product of the first and third is 960. Required—the numbers. W. H. MORROW.
Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Prize Conundrums.

To the person who sends the best answers to the four following Conundrums, the Editor of the Riddler will send (post-paid) an interesting volume. The answers may be sent in until the first of February, at which time the decision will be made as to whose answers are, on the whole, the best. The letters must be addressed in all cases, to "Riddler," care of H. Peterson & Co., 319 Walnut street, Philada.

Why is a Fortune-teller like a Musquito?
When will the end of the World come?
Why is there only one kind of Leather?
How many Fishes does it take to make a Beaver's fur long? EDITOR RIDDLER.

Answers to Last.

SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.—"Stephen."

Acts vii., 54—60.	
S hebna,	2 Kings xviii., 37.
T heudas,	Acts v., 36.
E noch,	Gen. v., 24.
P hanuel,	Luke ii., 36.
H ophni,	1 Sam. iv., 11.
E l-elohe-Israel,	Gen. xxxiii., 20.
N imrod,	Gen. x. 9, 10.

CHARADE.—Green Mount (green-mount.)

ROASTING FISH, DUCKS, ETC.—The best way of cooking fish and fowl ever devised is familiar to woodsmen, but unknown to city epicures. It is this: Take a large fish—say a trout of three or four pounds, fresh from its gambols in the cool stream—cut a small hole in the neck, and abstract the intestines. Wash the inside clean, and season it with pepper and salt; or, if convenient, fill it with stuffing made of bread-crumbs or crackers chopped up with meat. Make a fire outside the tent, and when it has burned down to embers rake it open, put in the fish, and cover it with coals and hot ashes. Within an hour take it from its bed, peel off the skin from the clean flesh, and you will have a trout with all its original juices and flavors preserved within it—a dish too good, as Izaak Walton would say, "for any but the honest man."

Grouse, ducks, and various other fowls, can be cooked deliciously in a similar way. The intestines of the bird should be taken out by a small hole at the vent, and the inside washed and stuffed as before. Then wet the feathers thoroughly; and cover with hot embers. When the cooking is finished, peel off the burnt feathers and skin, and you will find underneath a lump of juicy flesh, which, when once tasted, will never be forgotten. The peculiar advantage of this method of roasting is, that the covering of embers prevents the escape of juices by evaporation.—*The Trapper's Guide.*

FLANNEL CAKES.—Warm a tablespoonful of butter in a quart of milk, put in a little salt, and stir in two tablespoonsful of yeast, and flour enough to make a thin batter. Then add two well-beaten eggs. Let it rise, and after five hours' standing, bake on a griddle in cakes the size of a tea-plate. The griddle should not be greased after the first baking.